

1941
The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

AUGUST

Judy Garland

ARE HOLLYWOOD WIVES
JEALOUS
OF WOMEN STARS?
Read The Truth

TYRONE POWER'S
"BLITZ-KISS" TECHNIQUE

WIN ORIGINAL MORGAN DENNIS STAR-PET PORTRAIT!
Enter Your Own Pet's Picture in Our Contest

Yes, boys and girls, it's **BETTY GRABLE**

... in love!

... in Miami!

... in a bathing suit!

... in Technicolor!

Join her
holiday fling
at romance ...
in America's gay
holiday town!

MOON OVER MIAMI

IN TECHNICOLOR!

featuring
DON AMECHE
BETTY GRABLE
ROBERT CUMMINGS

and
Charlotte Greenwood • Jack Haley
Carole Landis • Cobina Wright, Jr.

Directed by Walter Lang • Produced by Harry Joe Brown

Screen Play by Vincent Lawrence and Brown Holmes
Adaptation by George Seaton and Lynn Starling • From a
Play by Stephen Powys • Lyrics and Music by Leo Robin
and Ralph Rainger • Dances Staged by Hermes Pan
A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

8 grand songs

- "I'VE GOT YOU ALL TO MYSELF"
- "HURRAH FOR TODAY"
- "KINDERGARDEN CONGA"
- "LOVELINESS and LOVE"
- "YOU STARTED SOMETHING"
- "SOLITARY SEMINOLE"
- "IS THAT GOOD?"
- "MIAMI"





Even if your Face is not your Fortune—

HEARTS WILL SKIP.. if your Smile is Right!

Smiles gain sparkle when gums are healthy. Help keep your gums firmer with Ipana and Massage.

COMPLIMENTS and popularity—a solitaire for your finger—phone calls, dances and dates. Even without great beauty they're yours to win and possess. Just bring your *smile* to its *sparkling best* and eyes and hearts will open to you!

Beauty, you know, is only smile deep. A sparkling smile lights the plainest face—lends it priceless charm. Without one, the loveliest face is shadowed! *Help*

your smile. Never forget—a smile, to be sparkling and attractive, depends largely on *firm, healthy gums.*

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—make a date to *see your dentist* immediately. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist make the decision.

Very likely he'll tell you your gums are weak and tender because today's soft, creamy foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And, like thousands of modern dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation

of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Use Ipana and Massage

Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is especially designed to aid the gums to healthy firmness. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today. Help keep your smile charming, attractive, winning.



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

Beauty Experts of 23 out of 24 leading magazines agree

Yes, of the nation's foremost beauty editors, representing 24 leading magazines, 23 agreed that a sparkling smile is a woman's most precious asset.

"Even a plain girl," they said, "takes on charm and glamour if her smile is bright and lovely. No woman can be really beautiful if her smile is dull and lifeless."

Start Today with
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Boy, we're tired of the old high-pressure salesmanship. None of this hurry hurry hurry stuff for us.

★ ★ ★

We're relaxing during the dog days. Swinging in our old hammock and taking an occasional mint julep.



Yes, we're willing to talk but campaigning is out. Our voice is soft, cooing, mellow.

★ ★ ★ ★

Especially since we're just going to drop a hint about two great films that are getting their final editing at those streamlined M-G-M studios.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Lady Be Good." One is an unusually gripping drama, the other an unusually rippling musical. Opposite, but twin, poles.

★ ★ ★ ★

Victor (GWTW) Fleming produced "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the famed Stevenson yarn. Of course, he had no talent to work with—only Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner.



Director Fleming

★ ★ ★ ★

It is something to write home about, this Spencer Tracy interpretation. Or if you *are* at home, it's something to write away about. Mark our words.

★ ★ ★ ★

And "Lady Be Good." Nobody in that one either. Only Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Lionel Barrymore, John Carroll, Red Skelton, and Virginia O'Brien.



Norman (Comedy) McLeod has directed.

★ ★ ★ ★

We told you to mark our words about "Dr. Jekyll." Mark 'em as well about "Lady Be Good."

★ ★ ★ ★

We won't have to eat them.

★ ★ ★ ★

Even though we like alphabet soup.

—Lea

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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August, 1941

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EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	17
Hollywood Whirl.....		18
Tyrone Power's New "Blitz-Kiss" Technique!.....	Elizabeth Wilson	22
Are Hollywood Wives Jealous of Women Stars?....	Gladys Hall	24
Third Winner of the 6-Star Contest		
As selected by.....	Claudette Colbert	26
"Sweetheart of the Campus"		
Complete Fictionization.....	Elizabeth B. Petersen	28
One Woman's Husband. Preston Foster.....	Ben Maddox	30
Judy Canova's Advice to Homely (?) Girls		
As told to.....	Jack Holland	32
New Pet Picture Contest!.....		34
The Secrets of Sanders.....	Fredda Dudley	51
Your Guide to the Best Current Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
"Tom, Dick and Harry" Conclusion.....	Elizabeth B. Petersen	62

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Mickey Rooney, Jack Oakie, Georgia Carroll, Jack Haley, Ann Sheridan, Martha Raye, Merle Oberon, Joseph Cotten, Cobina Wright, Jr., Fred MacMurray, Errol Flynn, Bob Hope, Linda Darnell, Constance Moore, Mary Martin, Sonja Henie, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood.....	6
Inside the Stars' Homes. Priscilla Lane.....	Betty Boone 8
Tagging the Talkies.....	10
Fans' Forum.....	12
Honor Page.....	14
SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley 15
Beauty Sermon on the Sun. Joan Crawford....	Courtenay Marvin 54
Here's Hollywood.....	Weston East 56
Yours for Loveliness.....	66

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**"I came within
a hair's breadth of
losing him"**



Want others to like you?

Whether we're sixteen or sixty, we don't want to lose out on life's pleasures because of halitosis (bad breath) . . . not when, for most of us, there is such a pleasant, refreshing way to keep the breath sweeter, purer—the *Listerine Antiseptic* way!

For, while some cases of bad breath are caused by systemic conditions, usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth, teeth and gums. Wearers of dentures and plates are particularly susceptible because food is apt to cling to them and ferment. *Listerine Antiseptic* halts such fermentation and



overcomes the odors it causes. That's why, when you rinse your mouth morning and night with full strength *Listerine Antiseptic*, your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

If you want others to like you, if you want to put your best foot forward, use *Listerine Antiseptic*—it pays!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Let LISTERINE look after your breath!

SCREENLAND



HOT

FROM

HOLLYWOOD

roguishly inquired, "Tell me, old fellow, what do *you* think of the bar maids in England?"

CURRENT rumor: That Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor had several word battles recently, while living in a New York hotel. That Bob dined alone on shipboard while sailing through the Canal back to Hollywood. That Barbara arrived back in Hollywood, unescorted by Bob. Current truth: There were *no* word battles. "Sorry to disappoint the gossips," says Barbara wryly. Bob *did* dine alone occasionally. Barbara was in bed for two weeks with a painful pleurisy. Bob *didn't* escort Barbara all the way back to Hollywood. He got off at the California desert to get a two-day sun tan. Current prediction: That Barbara and Bob are happy and contented and will remain that way—unless Hollywood radio commentators and columnists further insist on "separating" them.

THERE'S a little café called the "Blue Evening." It's close to Warner Bros. studio. Handy for Ann Sheridan who likes to stop by on her way home for a quick bite to eat. Ann likes to order tiny baloney sandwiches. She eats the inside and leaves the bread. A tipsy gentleman at the bar watched all this through the mirror. Then he staggered over to Ann and said: "How are you, my beautiful meat-eating orchid?" For once Ann had nothing to say.

THE divorce rumors started when Mrs. John Garfield decided to get a new nose job. John was in New York at the time. When he returned Mrs. G had been to Dr. Harold Holden, Hollywood's famous plastic surgeon. (He "did" Mary Livingstone and many others.) While the bandages were still on, John's wife remained home. He went to the Derby a few times alone. Once he went to the fights. Ever since then Hollywood's insisting it's all over. The Garfields have never been happier.

Wish Eva Gabor, left, a happy Hollywood landing! She's Paramount's newest Hungarian importation and, as you can see, is easy on the eyes. To hear tell, Eva has plenty of ooo-la-la. Watch for her first film, "Forced Landing." Now for a discordant note: John Barrymore, below, gets an ear-splitting earful in "World Premiere," the "Great Profile's" latest film opus.

JEAN ARTHUR wants to retire after two more pictures, her friends are saying. If she does, long will she be remembered by those who worked with her in Hollywood. Latest story on Jean concerns her love for animals. On a recent picture, she was much more upset because the dogs had to work under a blazing sun, than she was over her fellow players. Squealing pigs almost reduced Jean to tears. If she wasn't running off to a vet with a carload of dogs, she was untying them so they could run free of the set. The "small animal man" who was hired by the studio spent all his time rounding them up again for the picture.

GLENN FORD is getting his Hollywood education early. For his new picture Glenn had to go to Westmore's beauty salon and get a permanent. He sat there next to a group of women and listened to them dish all the latest Hollywood gossip.

EYE shadow to match your gown! It's the newest fad in Hollywood. Hedy Lamarr made an entrance at Ciro's. Her lids were covered with gold dust to match her gold lamé dinner dress. The entire room practically rose to its feet and stared.

THERE'S a job waiting for Virginia Bruce. Just as soon as her baby is born, Virginia can go into a New York musical. The famous Cole Porter wants to write something especially for her. Cole says that Virginia's rendition of his "I've got you under my skin" is the finest interpretation ever done on any of his songs.

In the meantime Virginia is praying that the stork will deliver a boy.

WALTER ABEL was showing some very important English visitors around the Paramount lot. One of them asked to meet John Barrymore. Walter was a bit perplexed. He didn't know Barrymore too well. Neither did he know just how the unpredictable profile might take to the idea. But they went on the set and Barrymore couldn't have been more charming. Just as Walter was beginning to relax, John turned to one of the guests and



THE STAR-BRIGHT
SONG-STUDDERED HIT THAT'S MAKING **KISSTORY**

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

★ **DON AMECHE**

AND

★ **MARY MARTIN**

in

"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"

(But they always come back for more)

★ WITH **OSCAR LEVANT**

★ **CONNIE BOSWELL**

★ AND **ROCHESTER**

—And wait till you
hear Connie and
those 20 Singing
Secretaries sing
"Sand in My Shoes"

"Ah sure wishes
Mistah Benny
could see me now"

It's musical, it's comical,
it's romantic, it's everything
to make you kiss
the blues goodbye.

HEAR THESE HITS!

"SAND IN MY SHOES"
"I'LL NEVER LET A DAY PASS BY"
"FIND YOURSELF A MELODY"
"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"
"THAT'S HOW I GOT MY START"

**Raymond Walburn • Virginia Dale • Barbara Allen • Elizabeth Patterson
Jerome Cowan** • Directed by **VICTOR SCHERTZINGER** • Screen Play by **Harry Tugend** and **Dwight Taylor** • Based on a Play by **Clare Boothe**

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SCREENLAND

7



Vacation Discovery!

GLORIOUS FREEDOM NOW
with Tampax!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

SAY goodbye to external pads on your vacation this year . . . Tampax helps you to conquer the calendar, because Tampax is *worn internally*. Even in a '41 swim suit, it cannot show through; no bulge or wrinkle or faintest line can be caused by Tampax. And you yourself cannot feel it!

A doctor has perfected Tampax so ingeniously it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands *need not even touch* the Tampax, which comes in dainty applicator. You can dance, play games . . . use tub or shower. No odor can form; no deodorant needed—and it's easy to dispose of Tampax.

Tampax is made of pure, compressed surgical cotton, very absorbent, comfortable, efficient. *Three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 is a real bargain. Don't wait for next month!

Join the millions using Tampax now!



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New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

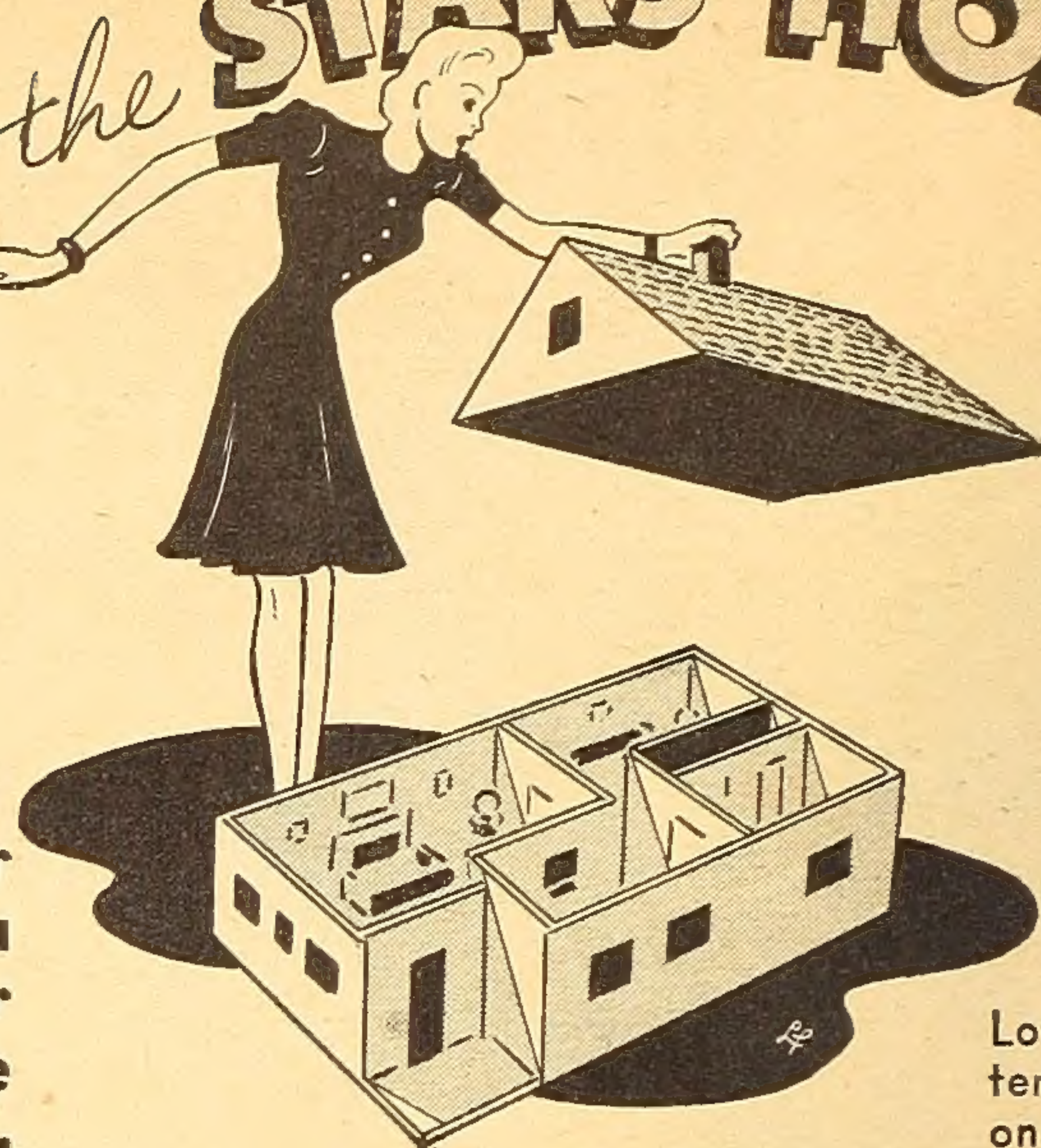
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

By
**Betty
Boone**

INSIDE the **STARS' HOMES**



Spend a Summer day with Priscilla Lane, learn her family's favorite warm-weather recipes, listen to her ideas on decoration

Lovely little Priscilla entertains our Betty Boone on the terrace of the "homey" Lane cottage serving iced tea with mint and a snack meal with "sandwich butter"



PRISCILLA LANE lives in an English cottage set on a knoll cupped among the hills above San Fernando Valley. Tree-covered hills to the west seem to climb to the sky; little hills to the east, flecked with yellow mustard, make a rolling crescent toward farther, steeper slopes; the cottage faces a terrace planted in starry blue flowers across its private drive, and behind it, below both formal and informal gardens, the valley stretches into green distance.

"The minute we set eyes on this place, we knew it belonged to us," confided Priscilla. "It's so cottagy and informal, and we're an informal family. The other house we had was almost a sleeper jump from the studio. Going back and forth took too much time. Toward the last of our stay there, prowlers bothered us, we thought they were trying to get in through the windows, and being just women, why shouldn't I admit we were practically scared stiff?"

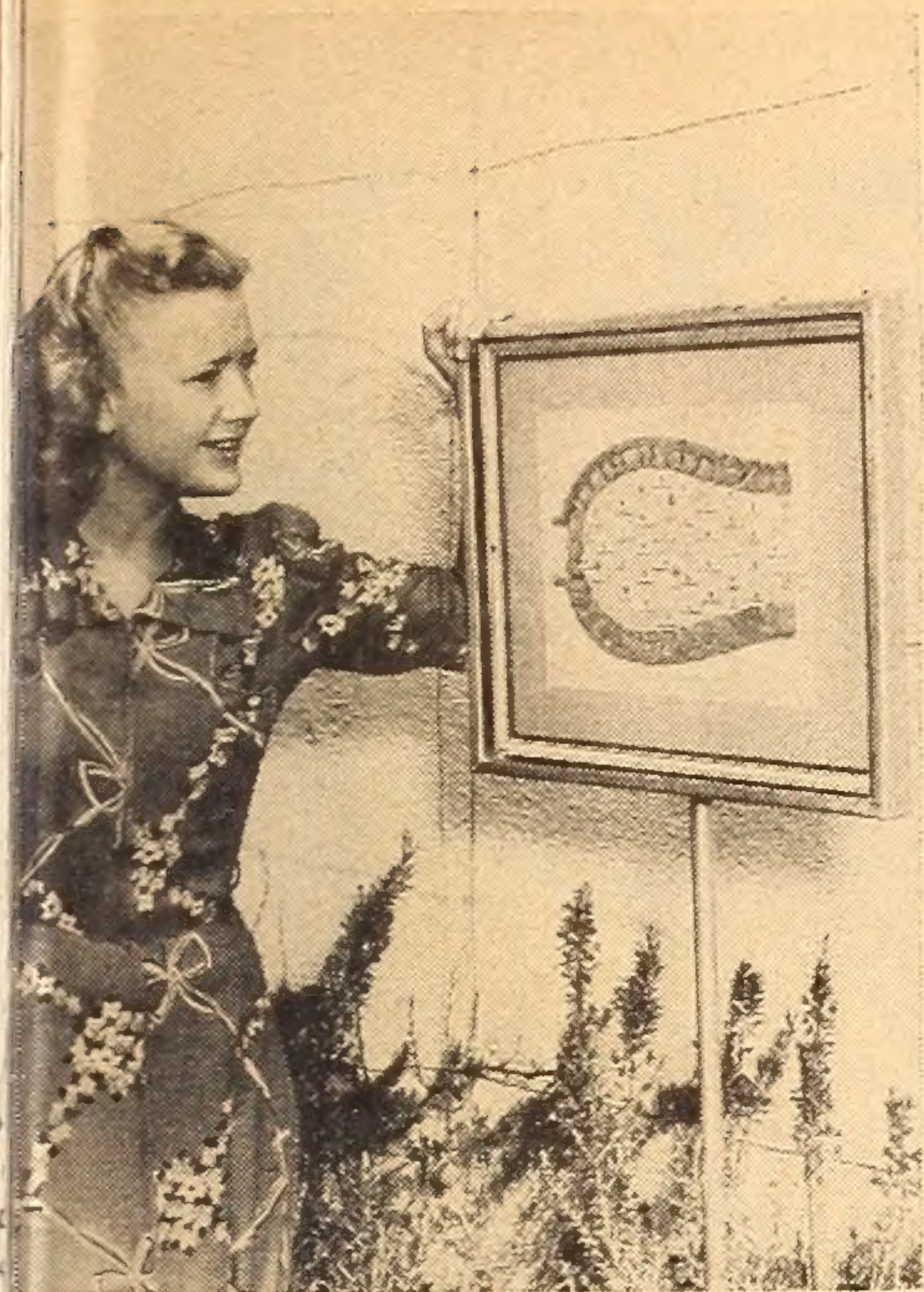
"While Mother and I were away, Rosemary found this cottage and we fell in love with it. Not that it was perfect at the time. In California they say you don't make a home, you make it over. That's what we did. On the face of it, an English cottage calls for simplicity and informality. This one had a very formal living room, dining room and master bedroom. See how silly that was, when every door except the

front one, is a Dutch door! When you open the top half of your door the garden is practically in the house. It's light and gay and cosy and charming. In other words, we like it!"

When the Lanes arrived, the fireplace in the living room was marble, the drapes were of heavy stiff satin that swept the floor, the lighting fixtures were elaborate enough for a chateau, and the carpet was a pale peach color. "That carpet was a beautiful thing, though too delicate for us, so we had it dyed Mother's favorite color—deep mulberry," explained Priscilla. "We tore out the fireplace and put in a simple white brick one, replaced the drapes with straight-hanging figured ones, put up white cottage curtains and substituted plain lighting fixtures for the chandeliers. The furniture we've had ever since we lived in New York is maple, which belongs to this type of house; we had some pieces upholstered, bought a few more and feel quite pleased with the result."

Lemon yellow, beige-and-brown, and shades of blue and robins' egg green, all harmonize and blend like so many crocuses in a mulberry bowl.

"Mother made the white rug by the hearth." The rug, at a little distance, looks as if it were of fine white fur. "It's made of string! A child could make one." She knelt beside it, eagerly, her fair curls falling forward. "The heavy white base comes



above, Priscilla Lane with the map of her rose garden, described fully in our story. The Lanes put their collective heads together and re-designed their domicile with an eye to comfort and casualness.

marked with blue dots, and in each dot a tie a tuft of string. You take a ball of string, wind it like mad on a card, cut both ends and tie the tuft in the middle to your blue dot and pull out the ends. When each dot is tied in, you have your map. You can have it dyed, if you like. If we like it white, it's so deep and soft, it cleans like magic."

The dining room wallpaper was originally of a formal pattern, the drapes stiff and heavy, the furniture too stately. "The room is too small for formality, even if we were a formal family, so we papered it mulberry with a simple trellis and flower pattern, put up crisp white curtains and bought in our maple dining room set. Corner cupboards were already there—ingruous with the other furniture—and filled them with pretty flowery china, the cottage tradition."

The kitchen needed no alteration. It is in clear yellow, the circular breakfast nook upholstered in the same cheerful color. Dutch doors open from it to the red-paneled den, and in turn from that to the roofed patio.

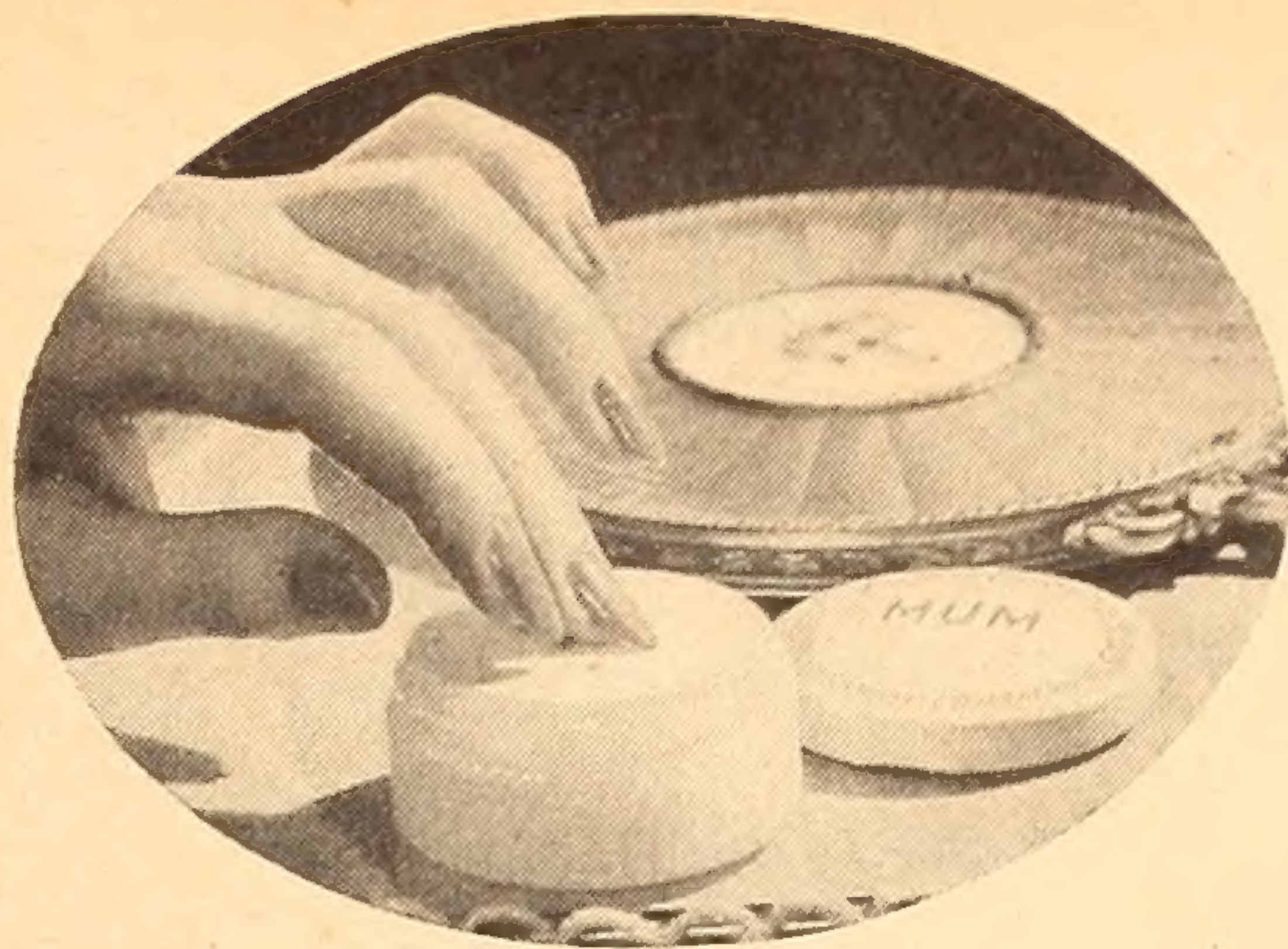
"The den was perfect," gloated Priscilla. "We adore the red brick fireplace and the amount of space for entertaining. When rains or is chilly this is our playroom, let the sun shine—or even the stars—d we spill out on the patio."

Other bedrooms in the cottage were easily adapted to Lane taste, but the master bedroom (shared by Priscilla and Rosemary, because they won't be separated) is a very formal affair, a pedestal bath, the elaborate satin-headboarded bed, painting of a nude woman above that, and similar ideas in decoration carried out elsewhere.

The Lanes removed pedestal and all, substituted simple twin maple beds with pretty spreads, a deep blue rug, some comfortable chairs, bookcases and dressers and white criss-crossed cottage curtains. Each girl has her own daintily fitted dressing room and bath.

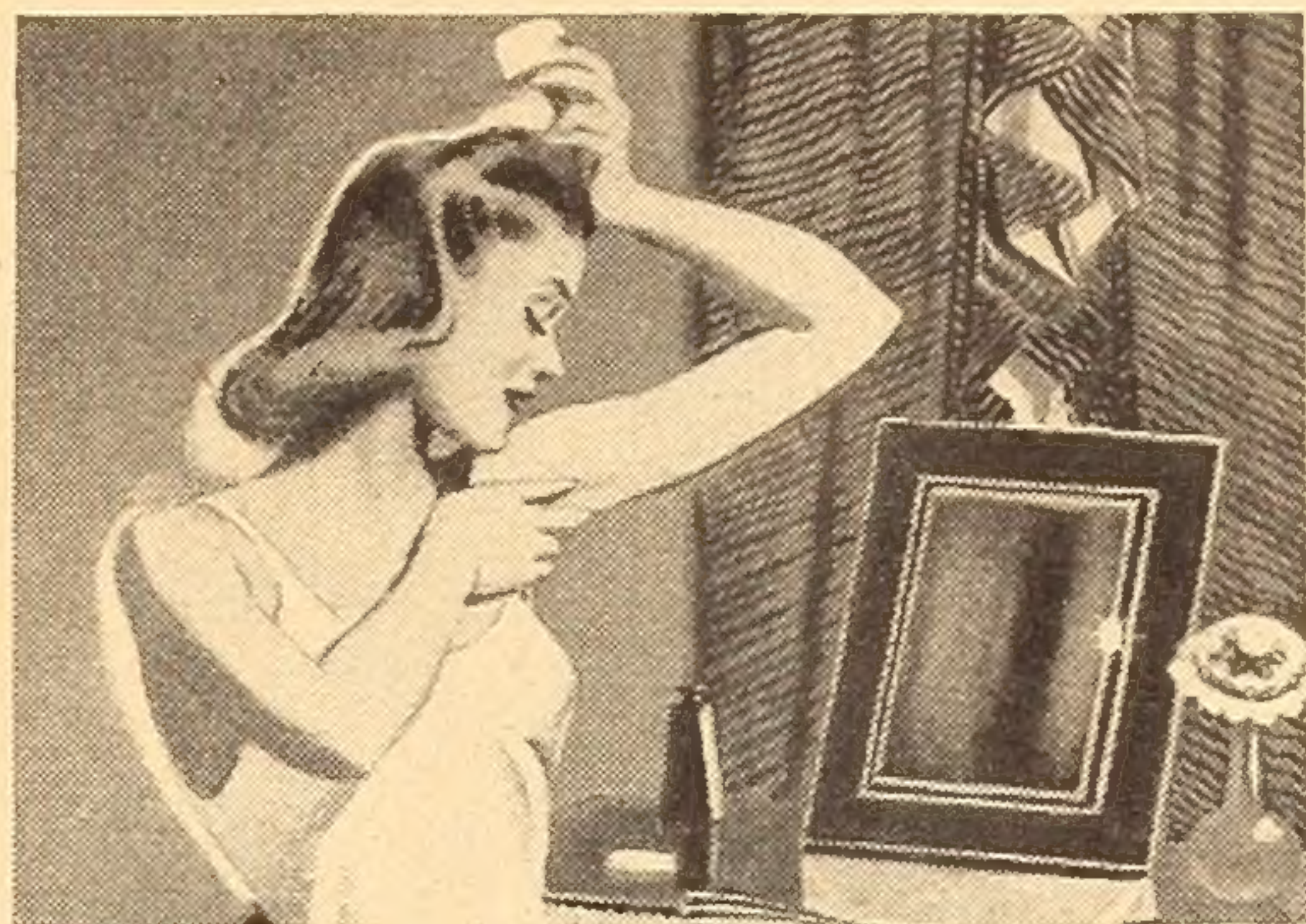
"Right now we are finishing a barbecue in the lower garden and putting in a swimming pool where the fishpond used to be. After that we will build dressing rooms in that knoll where the young trees grow. When that's ready, overflow guests can

(Please turn to page 73)



MUM is quick, safe, sure!

SAVES TIME • CLOTHES • CHARM!



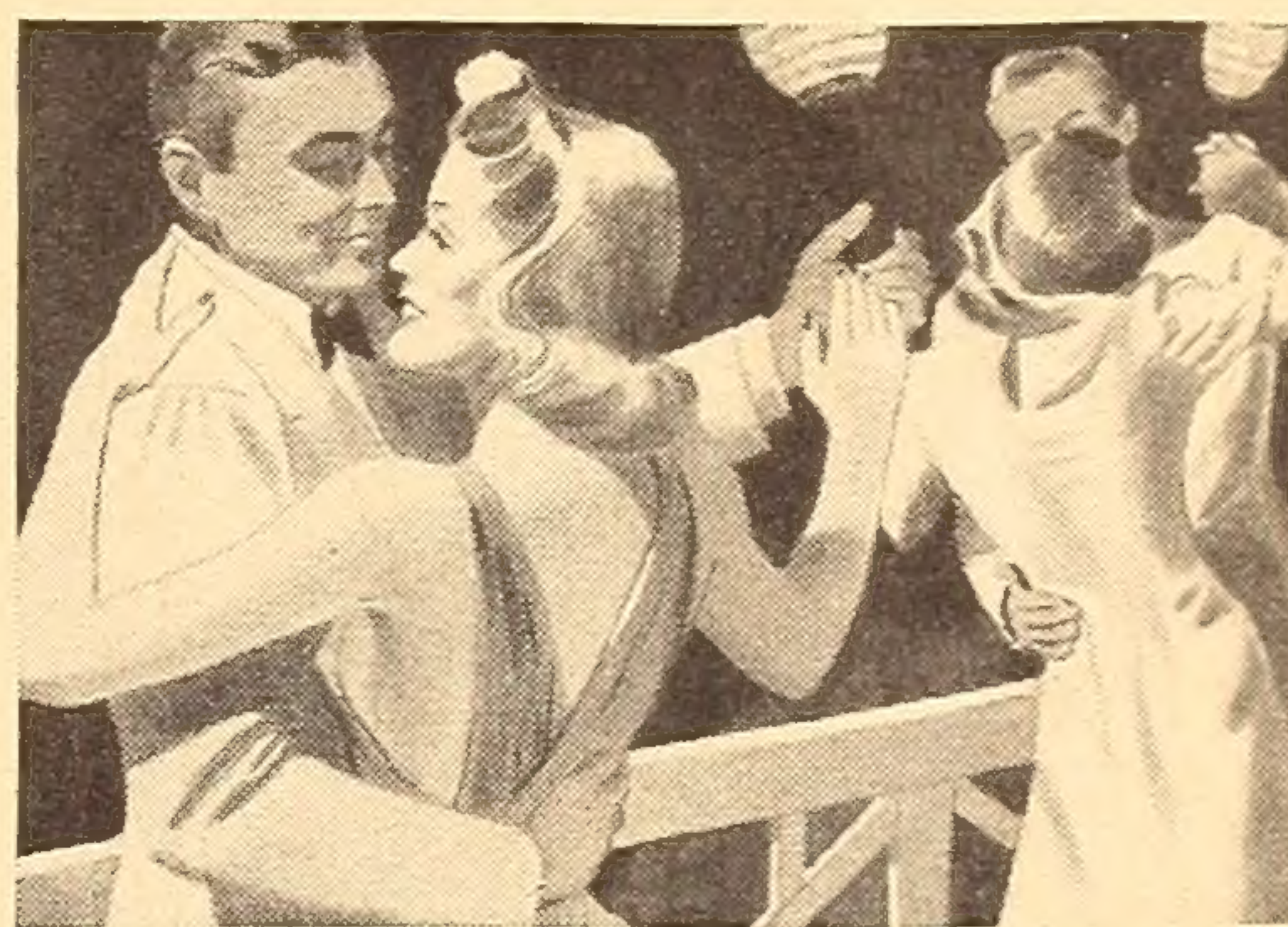
DAY-LONG DAINTINESS starts with a touch of Mum under each arm, for bath freshness vanishes quickly unless you prevent the formation of future odor. Mum is sure, dependable... preferred by millions of women.



DINNER DATE TONIGHT? Surprise invitations are fun! Carry a purse-size jar of Mum for your "five o'clock freshener" and go straight from shopping or business, confident that Mum protects your charm!



SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS GIRLS have this red letter rule... "Be a pleasant office companion, never let daintiness down!" Gentle, creamy Mum protects you for hours, yet Mum won't hurt skin or clothes. Mum is safe!



HELP ROMANCE ALONG! Romance... how precious to find, how easy to lose through one careless fault! Popular girls, girls who dance every dance, never risk offending. Let Mum be the safeguard of your charm, too!

Mum prevents underarm odor all day!

A DOZEN AIDS to charm may crowd your bathroom shelves. But not one is more important than the underarm deodorant you use.

And today, with so many deodorants to choose from, isn't it significant that more women in offices, in hospitals, in schools and at home prefer Mum. Mum is pleasant to use—prevents odor instantly and does it *without stopping perspiration*.

Smart women never trust a bath alone to bring them lasting daintiness. Underarms need special care to prevent the formation of future odor... that's why so many women use Mum every single day. A quick dab under each arm and underarms are safe all day or all evening long.

Safe, dependable Mum makes you safe from the risk of ever offending. It's a favorite with thousands of men, too.

MUM IS SAFE. A gentle, soothing cream that won't harm clothes or even tender skin. Safe even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE. Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum makes the formation of underarm odor impossible for hours.

MUM IS SPEEDY. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. You can use it even *after* you're dressed!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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Lovely lips are keyed to costume colors, that's why the prettiest and smartest women are choosing Irresistible's complete lipstick color range. PINK ROSE, a rich, rosy red for an enchanting effect with pastels, flower prints and off-whites! CANDY STRIPE, a brilliant red-red, for a dashing contrast with blazing white, navies and sheer summer blacks. WHIP-TEXT the secret Irresistible way to be creamier, smoother... to stay on longer and keep lips lovelier. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation. Only 10c each at all 5 and 10c stores.

IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER

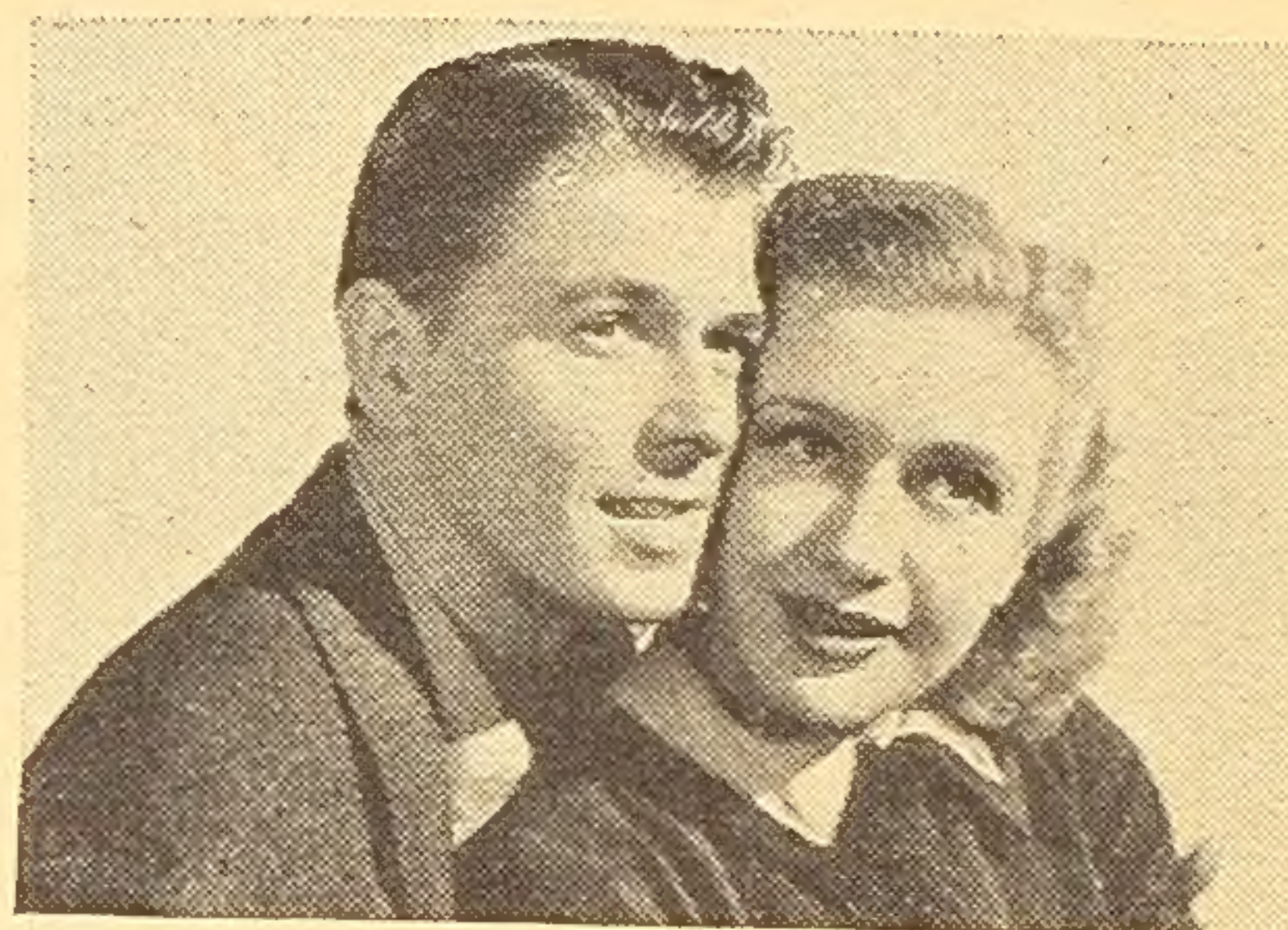


USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Tagging the Talkies

"Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Million Dollar Baby—Warners

Priscilla Lane not only looks lovelier than she has in a long while, but also turns in a whale of a good job. Her rôle as a surprised heiress requires ability with a flair for reality, which Priscilla possesses. May Robson is super. It is she who transforms Pam (Pat Lane) from rags to riches. Ronald Reagan and Jeffrey Lynn are pleasant rivals. To tell who wins Pam's hand would be snitching. Consistently grand fun.



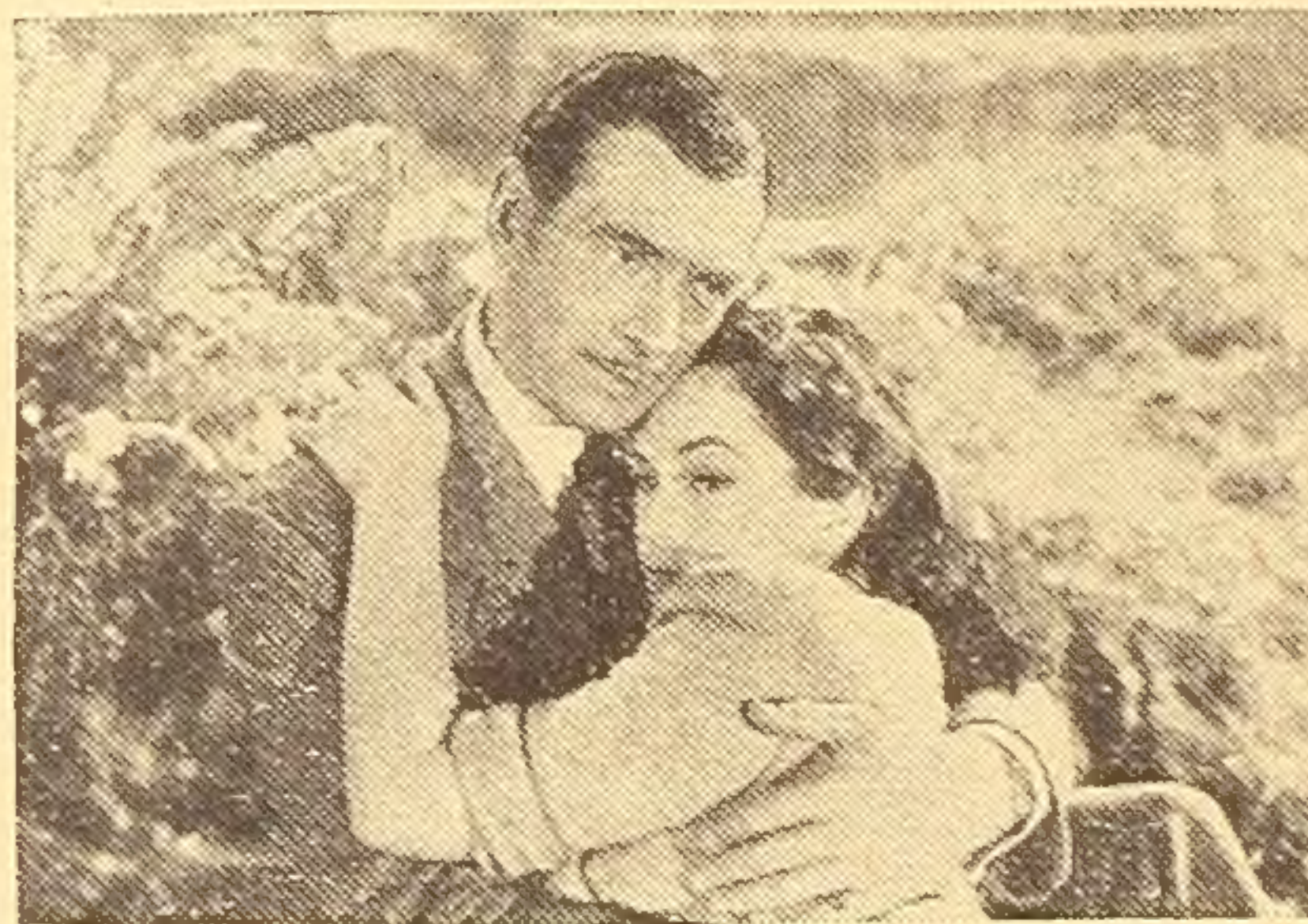
Billy the Kid—M-G-M

Did you know that *Billy the Kid* once worked for law and order? This beautifully technicolored film depicts that little-known side of his character. Robert Taylor is the handsomest *Billy* to date; but he's not the *Billy* legend has him—mean, bitter, ferocious. We can't quite believe Taylor's *Billy* was such, even with five men shot dead before our eyes. Ian Hunter and Brian Donlevy supply the culture in *Billy's* life. Worth your time.



Love Crazy—M-G-M

To sum up, you'll love this! You'll howl at the screen's most perfect "Mr. and Mrs.," and leave the theater feeling good all over. The *Steve Irelands* (William Powell-Myrna Loy) are about to celebrate their third year of bliss. The plot starts popping when Myrna's meddling mama pays a visit; it reaches the spontaneous combustion point when *Steve* meets up with an old flame, Gail Patrick. Powell's looney antics are priceless.



Shining Victory—Warners

James Stephenson steps from his sensational success in "The Letter" to score another triumph. The atmosphere of the story is gloomy and at times depressing. However, his rôle as *Dr. Venner*, embittered, brilliant scientist, keeps the gripping spirit of A. J. Cronin's play intact. *Dr. Mary Murray*, *Venner's* assistant, is sympathetically played by Geraldine Fitzgerald. Barbara O'Neil, as a frustrated female, and Donald Crisp, fine.



They Dare Not Love—Columbia

It is unfortunate that the talents of Martha Scott, George Brent and Paul Lukas was wasted on a film slow-moving and weak in dramatic intensity. The story is being repeatedly told in current headlines, the ruthless stampeding of a free and happy people. George Brent is ousted from Austria when Hitler's marching menaces invade the country. Fleeing, he meets Martha Scott. The reason why "They Dare Not Love" is obscure.



She Knew All the Answers—Columbia

Even if you knew all the answers you couldn't get what Joan Bennett got—a millionaire—Franchot Tone, by name. It's sheer make-believe, girls, so relax and don't leave your perfectly good jobs and boy friends and make a dash for Wall Street. What happens to chorus girl Joan, Tone and John Hubbard, can happen only in the movies, darn it! The important thing is you will be entertained. Eve Arden giddily adds to the gaiety.



Affectionately Yours—Warners

"I'd marry you in a split second if my wife would give me a divorce," "Rickey" Mayberry (Dennis Morgan), reporter, tells Irene (Rita Hayworth). The trouble is he tells it to all the girls. When Sue (Merle Oberon) finally gives him the marital heave-ho, Rickey is devastated. She plans a quick marriage re-bound with Ralph Bellamy. Amusing, light, at times really funny, the stars will provide you with genuine relaxation.



The Gay Vagabond—Republic

Roscoe Karns' histrionic gymnastics make up, in a mild way, for an indifferent domestic comedy. His dual rôle keeps him busy, to say the least. Karns is shocked silly when wifey (Ruth Donnelly) tells him she has invested their life savings; this for unselfish purposes of getting daughter (Lynn Merrick) a rich hubby. Karns gets fired, kicked out of home, chased by crooks, is wooed, wooed. Lynn gets guy and wifey gets wiser.



Jungle Girl—Republic

At long last, a female tarzan who flies through the air with the greatest of ease. This serial has all the ingredients kiddies attending Saturday matinées "eat up." Action, excitement, thrilling situations, suspense. Frances Gifford is indeed an attractive "Tarzana" in the rôle of Nyoka, white daughter of an American doctor brought up in the African jungles. Tom Neal is good as the dare-devil hero. The story is by Edgar Rice Burroughs.



The Wagons Roll At Night—Warners

This is a so-so circus drama concerning mostly the backstage life of Nick Coster (Humphrey Bogart), owner of a small-time carnival; Flo (Sylvia Sidney), fortune teller, and Nick's girl up until Matt Varney (Eddie Albert), lion tamer, makes his appearance as the show's main attraction. Nick passionately protects his sister (Joan Leslie) from all contact with circus folk. His plans go awry when she falls in love with Matt. Acting is A-1.



Desert Bandit—Republic

The Texas Rangers have been romanticized in song and story. They, like the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, always get their man. When the west was wild the "T.R.'s" had to be brave and brawny. Bob Crandall (Don "Red" Barry) was all of this until suspected of the murder of a fellow ranger. In order to capture the real culprit, he joined the notorious gun smugglers. Lynn Merrick good in this better-than-average adventure.

did he
mean... doggy
legs



or doggie legs?

Was his remark candidly canine... or was he being sweet and complimentary?

If there is any question in your mind, lady, then you'd better get NEET, today! For NEET cream hair remover will quickly remove both uncomplimentary hair and doubt simultaneously.

Simply apply this cosmetic cream hair remover to your legs, or under your arms, or forearms...leave it for a few minutes...then rinse off. NEET leaves the skin satiny, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp razor stubble to mar the contours of lovely legs, or create runs in sheer hose when NEET is used. Nor does NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of new NEET today from your department, drug, or ten cent store.

**Better Get
neet today**



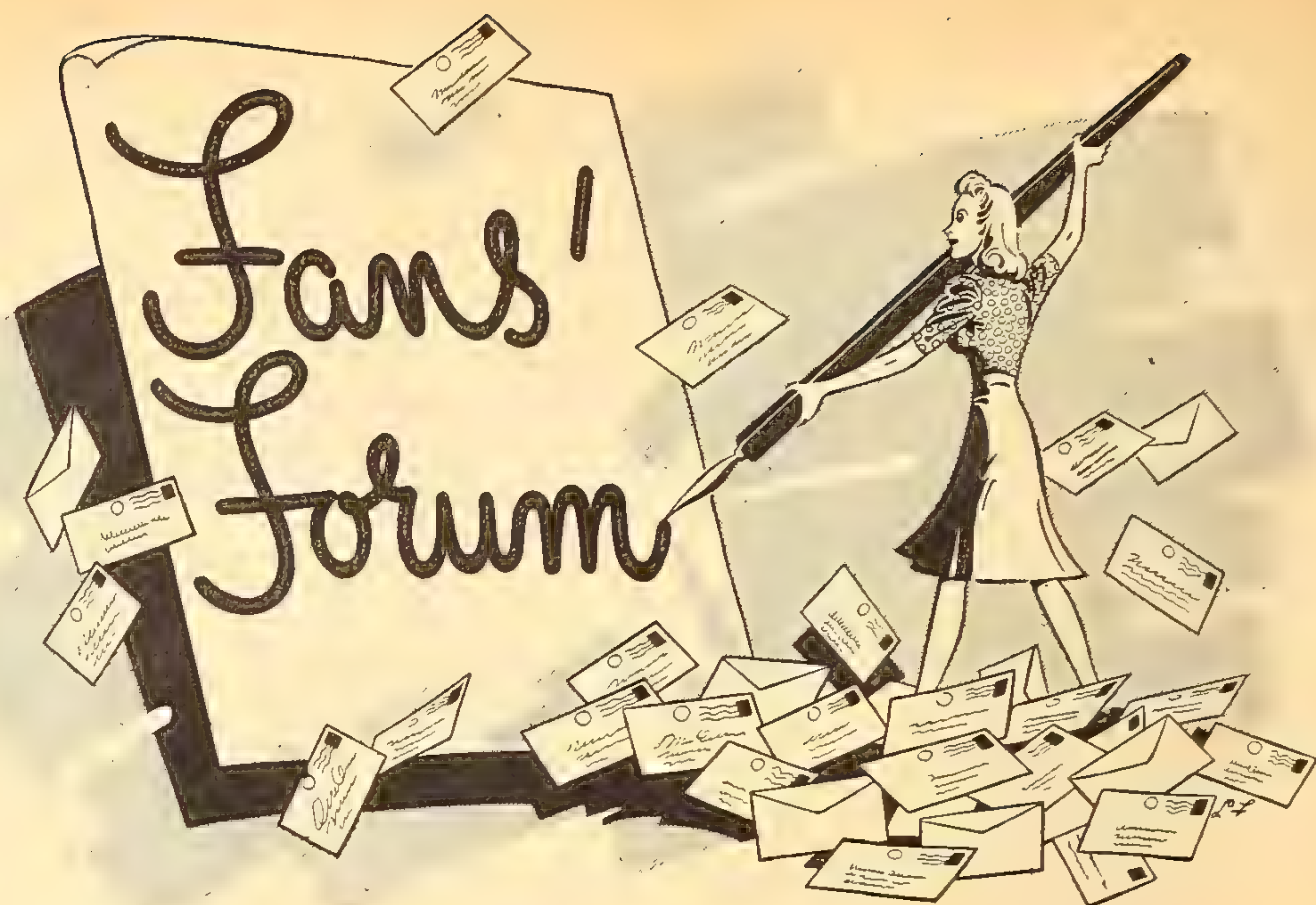
THE SECRET OF SUMMER CHARM

BE ready for romance this summer. Glorify your hair with gleaming highlights that sparkle and dance with each turn of your head. It's so easy when you use Nestle Colorinse. This magic-like rinse—created by Nestle, originators of permanent waving—gives hair a new, richer tone—an alluring, silky softness—a radiant, glamorous sheen. Colorinse leaves hair easier to comb, easier to manage. It helps curls stay in place longer, too. Not an ordinary dye nor a bleach, Colorinse will not brush or rub off but it is easily removed with shampooing. Whatever the color of your hair, you'll notice a thrilling difference when you use Colorinse. Take your choice from the 14 flattering shades on the Nestle Color Chart. Try Colorinse tonight—after you shampoo your hair with Nestle Liquid Shampoo.

10¢ for package of 2 rinses
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25¢ for five rinses at drug
and department stores.



FIRST PRIZE LETTER

\$10.00 PRIZE

I wanna know, "What's a Genius?" Orson Welles is a genius. So are Bette Davis, Oscar Levant and Professor Einstein. If a baby walks like a four-legged animal, he's a genius. If a high-school kid quotes Shakespeare and writes poetry, he's a genius, too. Everybody's a genius! Don't they have ordinary people any more?

I used to have a silly idea that geniuses were few and far between—sort of miraculous beings who came only once or twice in the course of a lifetime. But then, maybe this is an age of miracles—or geniuses.

Old-fashioned talent or sex appeal used to be enough to make a star; now it has to be genius. Only the thing called genius consists of the same old things—talent and sex appeal. Since when has either of these qualities been so remarkable—especially in Hollywood?

MILDRED PATTERSON, Lima, Ohio

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

\$5.00 PRIZE

I have just returned from a revolting exhibition of how *not* to cement friendly relations with South America. The picture? "They Met in Argentina." As an example of pure stupidity in story and acting, and of insult to the intelligence of our friends to the south, it has as yet to be surpassed—except, perhaps, by those other crudities, "Argentine Nights," "Down Argentine Way," and "That Night in Rio."

How can we North Americans appreciate our neighbors if they are represented to us as buffoons, half-wits, etc.? And how can our neighbors like us when they are burlesqued and ridiculed by our American movie-makers? No wonder there was rioting in Argentina when that magnificent opus of the Ritz Brothers, "Argentine Nights," was shown down there!

Surely there must be ample material for serious, historical pictures about South America. They have their national heroes—Bolivar, *et al*, (I'm rather vague about South American life.) There are South Americans with romantic Irish surnames, (who were ridiculed in "They Met in Argentina"), who must have an interesting history. Why don't the producers make as careful a study of these people as they have done in so many really good pictures about the United States, Europe, and Asia? I'm sure there is just as much drama and excitement—and real comedy, not just slapstick—in stories of South America as there is in any place else in the world.

If the producers don't wake up soon, they will have lost the South American market. As far as South American musical

comedies are concerned, they have already lost one customer—me.

NORMA A. GRAHAM, New York, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

\$1.00 EACH

I wish the powers-that-be would stay their hand at polishing up so many youngsters for the screen. It irks us to see adolescents like Linda Darnell and Joan Leslie grimacing to portray the emotions of life they know nothing about, especially when they are teamed with tried and true actors who have to do the emoting for both of them.

What an uplift to see Bette Davis and Jean Arthur after some of these high-school products! If they have musical talent like Deanna Durbin or Judy Garland, that is different; but we want our emotional actresses *grown up*!

MRS. MABEL BAKER, Vancouver, B. C.,
Canada

I go to the movies quite a bit and therefore feel I can do just a little criticizing. I've seen lots of movies where the actors try to play the part of a drunk. I've seen them lose their hats, roll their eyes and act just plain dumb to try and put the idea of drunkenness across to the audience.

Well, just last night I saw "Meet John Doe" and I must say, Hollywood at last has someone who can act—at least the part of a drunk. I refer to James Gleason. I've never particularly liked him, but after seeing him play the drunken newspaperman in just one scene, I feel that "he's got something on the ball."

JAMES McFEELEY, JR., Albany, N. Y.

Can't something be done about this? It seems like all the pictures we see lately are spoiled by giving the audience the tale end or climax of the picture first, and then going back and starting the picture. I always try to arrange to see a picture from the beginning so the plot of the story isn't broken up; there's no fun in reading the last chapter of a good book and then starting at the beginning. But I've decided if all movies are going to be like "Kitty Foyle" and "Penny Serenade," I might as well get in on the last ten minutes of all the shows I see; maybe then I can get used to the "Kitty Foyle" type.

I go to the movies for relaxation, not to piece the plot together, like a jig-saw puzzle. That's work!

MRS. A. L. HAMPTON, Spokane, Wash.

The news of Jimmy Stewart's impending visit to the small town of Mountain View, California, struck our little town with

AN INVITATION

To dispense with formalities, we cordially invite you to use these pages as an outlet for your innermost feelings concerning, of course, "the people's best entertainment"—the movies. If the word "best" gets your goat, tell us about it; it may win you a prize. If you simply dote on the histrionic doings of your favorite cinema darlings, that, too, may hit the jack pot. Monthly prizes of \$10.00, \$5.00 and five of \$1.00 each. Closing date, 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND's Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

a terrific impact. James Stewart was not only visiting, but he was here to stay for he had been transferred to the army base at Moffet Field.

The whole town was eager to get a glimpse of the famous movie star, but no one knew just when he was to arrive. Army officials had shunned publicity.

On March 28, at 7:22 a.m., it happened: Mr. Stewart arrived in Mountain View. By sheer luck I was one of the few who was at the station to greet him. I had missed my 7:20 train and was waiting in the station room when the 7:22 local chugged in, bound for San Francisco. Only one passenger stepped off the train—a tall, lanky young man dressed in khaki and wearing an Overseas cap. His blue army duffel bag slung over his shoulder and he carried a suitcase in his other hand. Jimmy had arrived and there were only four persons there at the station to greet him!

Without fanfare, the shy Mr. Stewart arrived in our little town. It was indeed a pleasure to know that Jimmy Stewart has the same likeable quality off the screen that he has on the screen. As one of the army privates told me: "That Stewart guy is really a swell fella! He doesn't talk much about Hollywood; he seems to be thinking all the time. Boy, who wouldn't think about Hedy Lamarr, Marlene Dietrich and Olivia de Havilland!"

CARL PERRY, Mountain View, Calif.

What has happened to Wallace Ford? This great, natural actor is forced to take parts like those given him in "Two Girls on Broadway," "Scatterbrain," and "Roar of the Press." In all these pictures he portrayed reporters. Now tell me how a fine actor like Wallace can show his talent with rôles like that?

Has the public forgotten his superb performance in "The Informer?" Or his poignant portrayal of the "good guy" who never had a chance in "Back Door to Heaven," which was truly a great film?

Won't some wide-awake producer or casting director give this powerful dramatic actor a good, strong, meaty rôle? I'll guarantee you that Ford will then rank right up with the Munis, Tracys and Robinsons.

FRANK J. PEPE, Watertown, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

I wanna complain about those cowboy stars who look old enough to be John Barrymore's grandfather. Must they all be short and, to put it kindly, stout? Aren't there enough young, handsome extras ready to pounce on the chance for a Wild West part, who do *not* have excessive chins and receding hairlines?

Boy, is Gene Autry gonna hate me for this!

HAZEL LEWIS, Frankfort, N. Y.

In your "Tagging the Talkies" in the June issue you add this little remark at the end of your review of "Rage in Heaven." "Femmes will adore Sanders as a hero." As a George Sanders fan, I protest the import of such a statement! I "adore" him even as a villain!

CATHERINE M. SCHIFFER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I'm one of those fifteen-cent neighborhood theater-goers, so perhaps my opinions are worth just about that much. It seems to me, after seeing "He Stayed for Breakfast," "This Thing Called Love," and "Arise My Love," that the movie powers—that-be are just itching or daring the Legion of Decency to take up its cudgels with renewed vigor.

Personally, I don't see why such good actors and actresses as Melvyn Douglas, Ray Milland, Loretta Young, Rosalind Russell and Claudette Colbert, should lend (or rather sell) their talents for such shady entertainment. "Arise My Love" could have been such a grand picture without all those sly innuendoes, and it seems too bad that we can't take our teen-age children to pictures without having to blush in the dark.

I'm neither a prude nor a reformer, but I think the movies could stand a little bit of both.

ROSALIE JACKSON, Glendale, Calif.

Editor Delight Evans' "Open Letter to Private James Stewart" should induce every American male of draft age to feel proud that he may be called upon to serve his country in her hour of gravest emergency. Miss Evans, in her article, indulges in no subtle theatricalism—to make the reader "feel sorry" for the "poor movie star" who is forced to leave his glamorous job, fabulous salary and fan adulation for the grim routine of soldiering, at less than a dollar a day. Her writing is frank and sincere. She reveals—and truthfully—that Uncle Sam harbors no flair for favoritism. Movie star, banker, doctor, lawyer, merchant and humble clerk are all one in the Draft.

MAURICE JACOBS, Philadelphia, Pa.

When my work with a "Travel Bureau" took me to many foreign countries, I was fascinated and highly amused to see the reaction of foreigners to American movies. One Sunday night in Valparaiso, Chile, we saw a line of patrons, three blocks in length, waiting to see Laurel and Hardy in "Out West." The script was written in Spanish, the "talkie" was English. I never watched such a good-natured audience, for the house fairly rocked with laughter when the pair burlesqued. It was a treat to be in such happy company.

At an open-air theater in Cairo, Egypt, where "Anthony Adverse" was the lead, the natives almost rolled from their seats when a lover was repulsed. They like best to have the young man ejected by the father, and then sigh in pain for his lady-love outside the door.

In Italy, audiences tire of continued reels, so acrobats and jugglers relieve the boredom by throwing balls and gadgets to friends. At thrilling moments throughout, they alternately show their glee and displeasure by exclamation and booing.

Mae West is so much the embodiment of a type that any blonde in London is humorously addressed by that screen name. After all, what does it matter for under the skin we're all brothers and it doesn't make any difference how we enjoy make-believe.

VIVIAN VEE, Milwaukee, Wis.



with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP. Gives stockingless legs eye-catching glamour and the same velvety attractiveness it does to face, neck and arms.

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Screenland Honor Page

To all concerned in the magnificent production of "Major Barbara" in war-torn England—an achievement in courage and artistry seldom equalled in the annals of the cinema. To producer Gabriel Pascal, to star Wendy Hiller, to fine actors Robert Morley, Rex Harrison, and Robert Newton—but above all to Shaw, whose sublime wit made it possible. You enjoyed "Pygmalion"—now don't miss "Major Barbara"



Shaw, bearded genius of the theater and now of the films, holds forth to Robert Morley, Wendy Hiller, producer Gabriel Pascal. Seated lady is Shaw's secretary. At right, closeup of great actress Wendy Hiller. Below, Miss Hiller in scenes with Rex Harrison and Robert Newton. Critical opinion has particularly acclaimed Newton's uncannily clever performance.

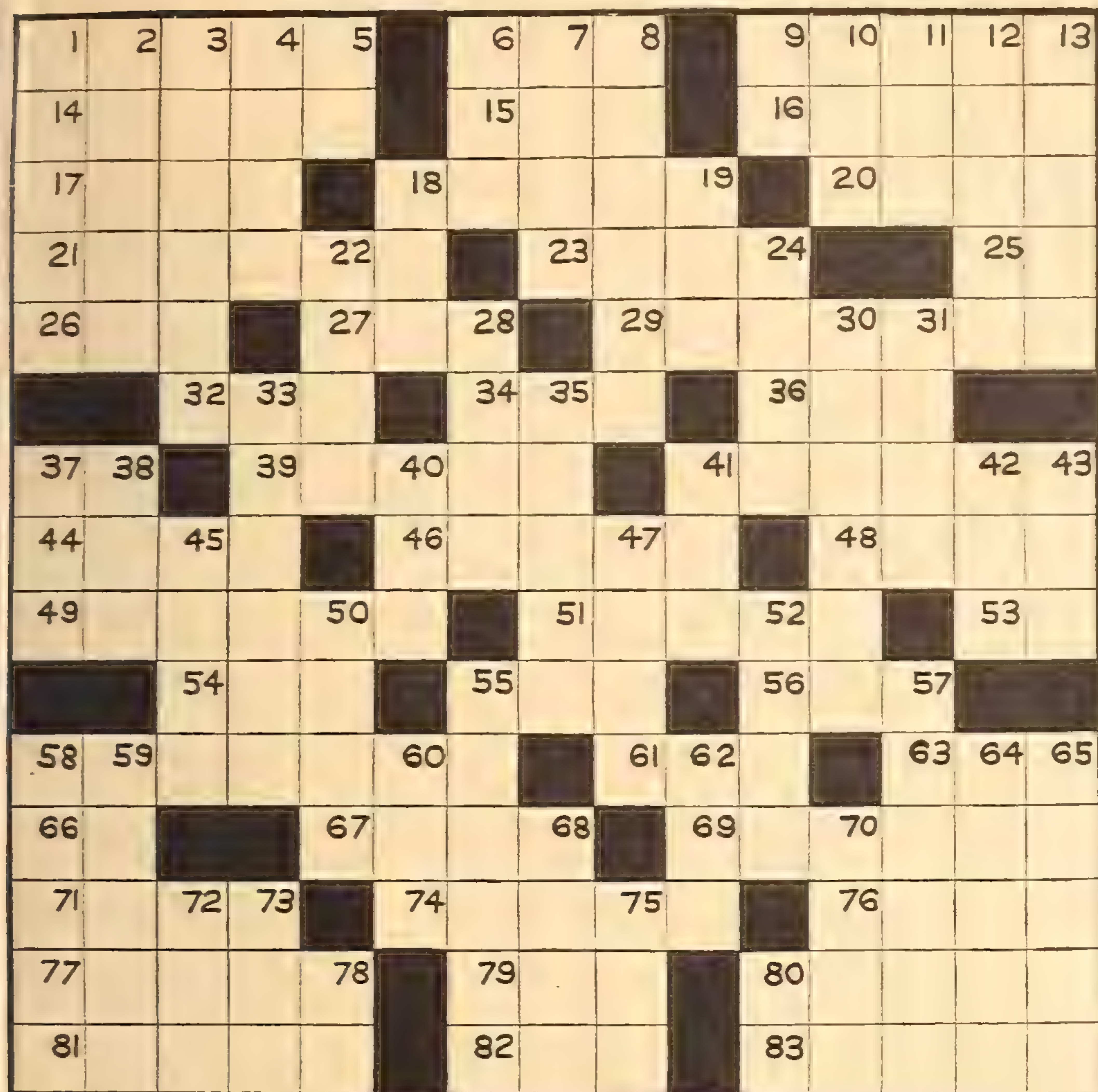


It is one thing to make a good movie in Hollywood; it is quite another to produce a splendid screenplay in England today. Working against great odds, the gallant company of "Major Barbara" have made a memorable motion picture of Bernard Shaw's play—with Pascal's superb direction aided by Shaw himself, and with brilliant performances by the all-star cast.



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Our most famous Swedish film star
6. She's featured in "Lady Be Good"
9. Co-star, "They Dare Not Love"
14. To decorate
15. "Doomed to - - -" (Boris Karloff)
16. One who dines
17. A part in a picture
18. His most famous rôle is "Mr. Chips"
20. Donated
21. Co-star in "The Knockout"
23. Individualities
25. Printers' measure
26. Japanese coin
27. Queer
29. She's Mrs. Clark Gable
32. Star, "That Night in Rio"
34. To imitate
36. Ever (abbrev.)
37. Pa's wife
39. Co-star, "The Great Lie"
41. Era, epoch
44. On the sheltered side
46. "The Ramparts We - - - - -," a patriotic film
48. She's featured in "The Letter"
49. Mexican screen star, formerly Mrs. Cedric Gibbons
51. The choicest part of a group
53. Of, in French
54. "The - - - of Monte Cristo," a movie
55. Part of to be
56. " - - - Night in Lisbon," a new film
58. Star of "Men of Boys' Town"
61. To gain
63. Southern constellation
66. "The Road - - Zanzibar"
67. Head coverings
69. Co-star, "Million Dollar Baby"

71. Is indebted to
74. To express gratitude
76. Narrow opening
77. Post in a stair railing
79. She's featured in "Double Date"
80. Fowls
81. Upright
82. Twilled fabric
83. Green spots in a desert

DOWN

1. Clothes
2. To worship
3. Constance Bennett's new husband
4. Reared
5. "Rookies - - Parade," with Bob Crosby
6. Fuss
7. A number
8. Star of "Sunny"
9. Exist
10. Scrap of cloth
11. Greek letter
12. Not at any time
13. Tendency
18. Father (colloq.)
19. "All This and Heaven - - -"
22. Not any
24. Pintail duck
28. Known facts
30. Charlie McCarthy's mastermind
31. Operatic solo
33. Co-star, "Affectionately Yours"
35. Famous movie bad man
37. Angry
38. Male drink
40. A number
41. Greek letter
42. Aged

43. Co-star, "A Man Betrayed"
45. Otherwise
47. A hint (var.)
50. Unit of length
52. Co-star, "She Knew All the Answers"
55. Miss Jones, in "The Devil and Miss Jones"
57. Birds of prey
58. Judge Hardy
59. Star, "Blood and Sand"
60. To dine
62. To annoy
64. To lift up
65. Puts up stakes, as in poker
68. Rational
70. On the ocean
72. Female sheep
73. Dry (as wine)
75. Short sleep
78. Army officer (abbrev.)
80. " - - West," (with Marx brothers)

Answer to
Last Month's Puzzle

LEW ALICE JAMES
EVE ROTOR ADORE
WARNER LIAR OWEN
IDEA ROBES ARID
SE IRENE PRY NY
ALA ERASURE
AIM MASTS SENNA
CROSBY ISSUED
HENIE ARISE RED
GNARLED LIE
BE CUE BOWLS ST
ERSE ADELA LANA
TRI ERIC SIEGES
TOPSY SCOTT EAT
ELSIE HARES SKY



YOUNG WOMEN HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW

THE young married woman owes herself all the facts about intimate daintiness and attraction. Yet some are too timid to seek true facts. And others risk the use of overstrong solutions in feminine hygiene which can actually burn and scar delicate tissue.

Little wonder so many fastidious women have turned to Zonitors. These dainty, snow-white suppositories spread greaseless protective coating to kill germs, bacteria on contact. Cleanse antiseptically. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

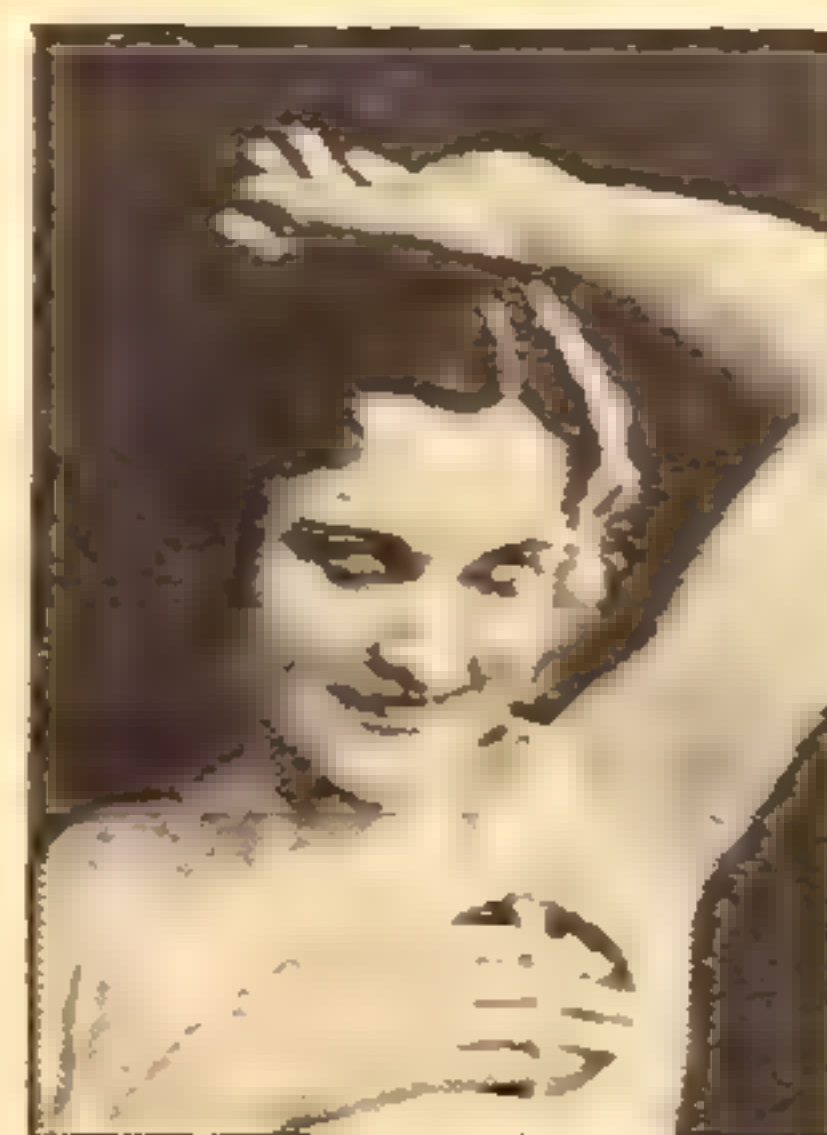
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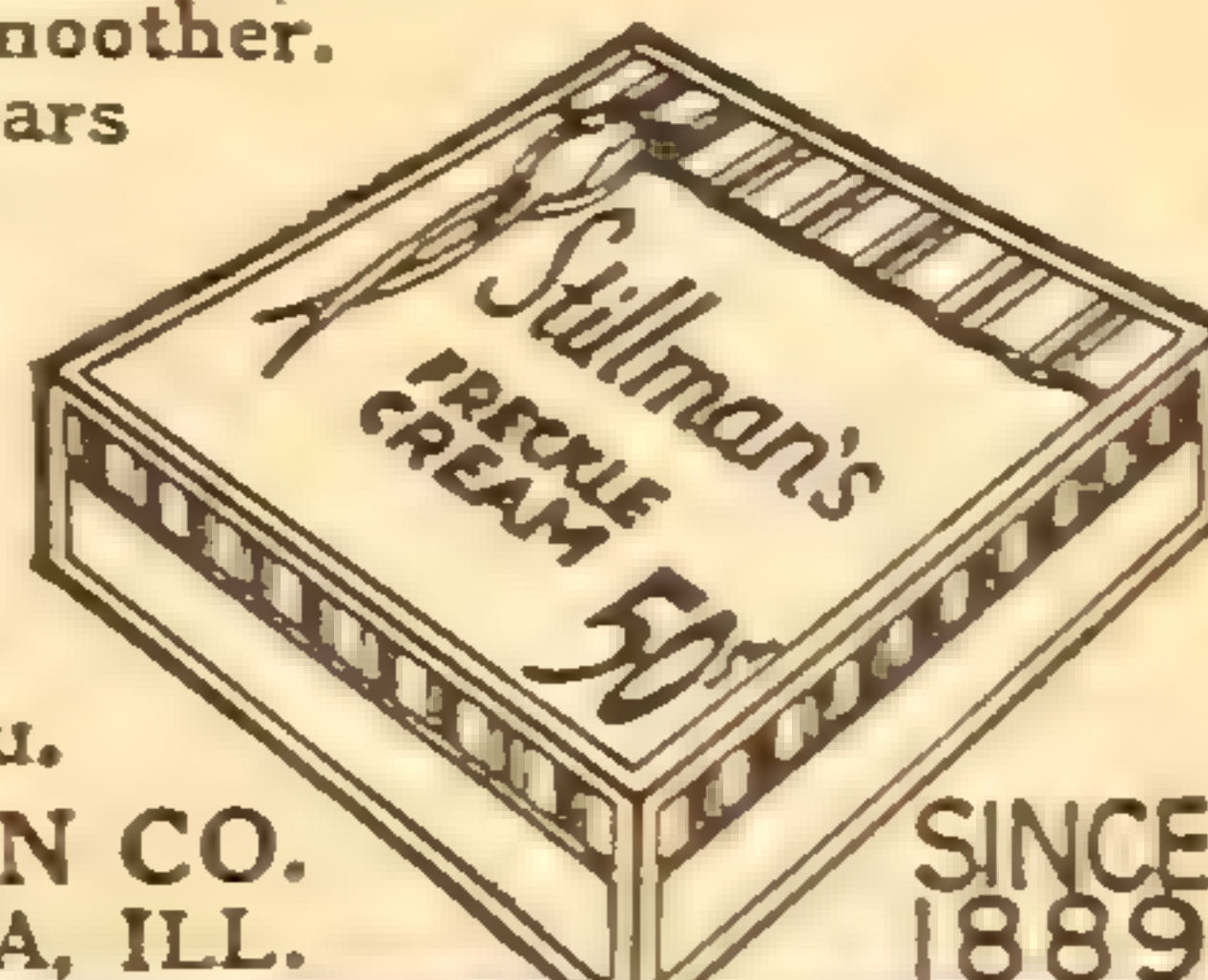
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 .. and now ... The Picture of
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Alan Marshal
Burgess Meredith



WE GUARANTEE
 YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
 A LOVE STORY LIKE IT!

Meet  The  Wife! 

Directed by **GARSON KANIN**
 Produced by **ROBERT SISK**
 Story and Screen Play by Paul Jarrico

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to "Tillie the Toiler" (Otherwise Kay Harris)



Tillie (Kay) vamps the boss (above), and the faithful Mac (William Tracy), from Westover's cartoons.



Robert Sparks of "Blondie"- "Tillie" series with wife Penny Singleton (Blondie) and discovery Kay Harris (Tillie).



DEAR "TILLIE":

From one working girl to another, greetings!

So you're in the movies now. Well, I think it's about time a real working girl crashed Hollywood. They can use a few more "Tillies" out there.

You see, I happen to know that your Cinderella story is the real thing, not dreamed-up publicity. I admit that I might not have believed the fantastic tale that movie producer Sparks, after testing literally hundreds of girls, finally snatched you from your secretary's desk in Cincinnati, Ohio—a long way from movieland—and rushed you to Hollywood to play the part of Russ Westover's cartoon character in Columbia's new film series. It certainly sounded too good to be true—just another *Scarlett O'Hara* chase on a minor scale. But I believed it because I heard all about you before your screen tests clicked. I'm from the middle west myself and I know your ex-boss, Marsha Wheeler,

for whose radio program you toiled—and I know how thrilled you were when, with only twenty-four hours notice, you were whisked to Hollywood and your big chance. And now, from your first scenes and your first stills for "Tillie the Toiler," you look all set for a screen career, UNLESS—

Unless you forget you're still a working girl. That's the trouble with too many Hollywood actresses—with success they forget they are not much different from other working girls such as stenographers and cashiers and waitresses and nurse maids, except in the matter of salary; they become Big Movie Stars and lose the common touch. Don't let that happen to Tillie!

Delight Evans



Private James Stewart, above, with Betty Field making a night of it at the Mocambo. Oh no, Jimmy's not A.W.O.L.; the Army gave its popular soldier-boy a weekend furlough.



Exclusive twosome! Betty Grable and George Raft, above, storing up energy (food) at Ciro's which they will later expend on—you guessed it—the rumba. And how they rumba!

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL

Stars in gay moods, romantic moods, serious moods, even sleepy moods—meaning you, Bing! But they're all wonderfully human moods, as these exclusive "candid" reveal

Photos by Esquire-Globe



Take our word for it, it is Bing Crosby, above, wearing his best, and most uncomfortable, bib and tucker. His Mrs. prevailed upon him to dine out, and look what happened!



Happiness has written a love story in the eyes of Judy Garland and Dave Rose, above, and you don't have to be a seer to tell. Everything's set, including date with preacher.



Here's a ringside view of a lovin' couple in Ciro's, and they don't care who knows it. Mr. and Mrs. John Garfield, above, make no secret as to how they feel about each other.



Don Ameche dances with bandleader Phil Harris' beautiful new bride, Alice Faye, above. Going to Ciro's of a night is just like old home week to the Hollywood star contingent.



Jane Russell gets her first taste of night life a la Hollywood style and seems to like it, as who wouldn't? Gary Cooper, above, is her fascinating table companion. We sigh in envy.



They look like Mr. and Mrs. Main Street out for a few hours of fun after putting baby to bed. That's exactly what happened, but their names are Anne Shirley and John Payne.



The cameraman follows a distinguished foursome to the ball game and the result is as American as apple pie. The fans, above, Annabella, Ty Power, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Capra.



Here's another good old American custom, popularly called autograph hound. They, lucky people, get a real closeup of a handful of celebrities leaving Ciro's. Recognize 'em?



Haw, Haw, Haw! Here's a couple of the heartiest guffaws we've seen in a long time. The contagious toothsome chuckles belong to Gilbert Roland and sister-in-law Joan Bennett.



Two of Hollywood's loveliest lovelies, Claudette Colbert and Greer Garson, above, relishing their chat-fest at a private party. Our cameraman peek-a-boomed and came away with this prize "shot." These style-pacers favor bangs and we favor the decorative results. All in favor say "Aye!"

Photos by Esquire-Globe



Marlene Dietrich, who needs no introduction, introduces Jean Gabin, nick-named the "Spencer Tracy of France," to Hollywood's glittering café society. He's taking it all in.



Norma Shearer was squired to Ciro's by a most personable and democratic chap, Baron Hubert Von Pantz, by name. We don't know if it's romance, but it sure looks nice and chummy from our observation post. Purely platonic, no doubt.



"Upsa, Daisy!" Only she's not a daisy; she's lucky Patti McCarty, above, being assisted in her daily dozen by lucky Glenn Ford. You'll be hearing lots of good reports on their steady film rise to fame. We're all rooting for you, kids.



Star-daughter Claudette Colbert, above, took her gracious mother, Mrs. W. J. Colbert, to the Brown Derby to show her the stars she so admires on the screen. Mama Colbert, like all visiting firemen, was simply thrilled by all she saw and heard. Wonder if Claudette is her favorite screen idol?



Hollywood's most admired marrieds, Arthur Farnsworth, above, and his Bette Davis, to use her professional name. "Farnsy" is handsome enough to be a cinema hero in his own right.



Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is a-courtin' his wife, Myrna Loy, all over again since they decided to "kiss and make up." They've made their friends, and themselves, very happy.



Cesar Romero, Linda Darnell and Errol Flynn, above, make an attractive threesome as they pause to talk about almost everything, including the weather. The most exciting topic, we bet, is the new Flynn heir-rival, a bouncing baby boy.

It was inevitable that their long-standing romance would culminate in a visit to the marriage justice. Their names are synonymous with sophistication, but in private life they are tickled to be called Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Roland.



Tyrone Power's

NEW

By
**Elizabeth
Wilson**

*Decorations
by
Leonard
Frank*

"BLITZ- KISS"

More exciting than Valentino? See Tyrone burn up the celluloid as a fearless matador, above. Below, first closeup from the new film "A Yank in the R.A.F."



Screen-loving
with Lamour





HAVE just seen "Blood and Sand." And I am in an all-out swoon. Tyrone Power in Technicolor *and* in tight knee breeches really burns up the celluloid. (How he manages to kneel in those breeches I'm sure I don't know—I tried it once in a school play and burst a seam.) When Ty, as a fearless young matador, swirls his gorgeously scarlet cape, takes his *montera* and his *muleta* (hat and sword below the border) and enters the bull ring, he has so much romantic appeal that you just can't stand. (Please turn to page 67)

He's more romantic than ever! Is it his new rôle in "Blood and Sand," or is there a deeper, more intimate reason? We tell all



Technique

Real-life romance with Anna-bella began with film "Suez."

Today, the Powers at home.

Newest heroine is Betty Grable in "A Yank in the R. A. F."



ARE HOLLYWOOD WIVES

Below, with their studio and real-life wives: Pat O'Brien, James Stephenson, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche.

Just business, eh? Come, come, now! Don't you suppose they suffer from jealousy, these non-pro wives of actors? Wouldn't you?



WHEN Mrs. John Wayne sees her John clasped to the feathered bosom of Marlene; when Annabella (just to pick a few names at random) sits at home and thinks of her Ty kissing the young, fresh lips of Linda Darnell, or embracing the luscious Rita Hayworth; when Mrs. Dennis Morgan, tending the two young Morgans, contemplates the thought of her gay Dennis making passionate love to Ginger Rogers, Merle Oberon; or Mrs. Don Ameche, on the ranch with the four Ameche heirs, visualizes her Don singing his torrid love songs to the vivid Miranda or the orchidaceous Faye—well, what d'you think they think? How do you suppose they feel?

"Just business," some say—uh-huh, but would you be able to consider the Dietrichs, Colberts, Lamarrs and Turners as so many stocks and bonds or parcels of real estate or staple groceries, no more to be feared as deadly rivals than these inanimate commodities? Come, come, now! Don't you suppose they suffer from jealousy, these non-pro wives of Hollywood? Wouldn't you?

Annabella made no bones about it when I made no bones about asking her. "I'm *furiously* jealous of Tyrone," she told me, "*furiously* jealous and *horribly* proud! Of *course* I'm jealous of him. If you are in love with someone, you are jealous. If you don't say so, it isn't true! I don't always say so, I admit," grinned Annabella, "sometimes when people ask me 'are you jealous?' I say 'of course, no.' But that is not quite the truth. I *am* jealous but never, I think, inside my heart. Be-

By Gladys Hall

Hollywood's most intrepid woman reporter,
who dared to ask the wives this intimate
question and lived to tell you the answer!

On this page, with screen and home
sweethearts: John Hubbard, Dennis
Morgan, Melvyn Douglas, Ray Milland.

JEALOUS OF WOMEN STARS?

cause in my heart I believe in my husband. A woman who didn't believe in her husband, it would be better for her to kill herself at the beginning. I believe in Tyrone, but I also know what Life is like, and I do not wear the blinkers on my eyes when I look at it.

"But when I see him on the screen making love to a pretty girl, *that* is not when I am jealous. Then, the more romantic he is, the bigger kick I get. Because then he is usually sitting next to me in a projection room, holding my hand. It is not even when I think of him making the love scenes on the set that I am jealous. I know they are business, the making of the love scenes. When I am jealous is—*between the scenes!* That is the time to fear. That is the time the mischief can happen. Then if there is a flirt between a man and a woman, it has the time to grow.

"Then, there is another reason for us to be jealous—they are together, often, for weeks at a time, a man and a girl making a big picture. *It is that propinquity!* When Tyrone goes on location," Annabella laughed, "I go with him—always. You see, on locations they usually finish the shooting at four in the afternoons, because the light goes. There is a lot of living to be done between four in the afternoon until it is time to go to bed. I see to it that we have that living—together.

"No, no," repeated Annabella, "it is not during the scenes they fall in love, it is *between* the scenes! I know. I, too, have been in the studios. I have heard people say that two (*Please turn to page 70*)



CLAUDETTE COLBERT SELECTS HER CONTEST

BY
Claudette Colbert

THE
LETTER

THE WINNING LETTER!

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have a little monologue which I say to myself at regular intervals.

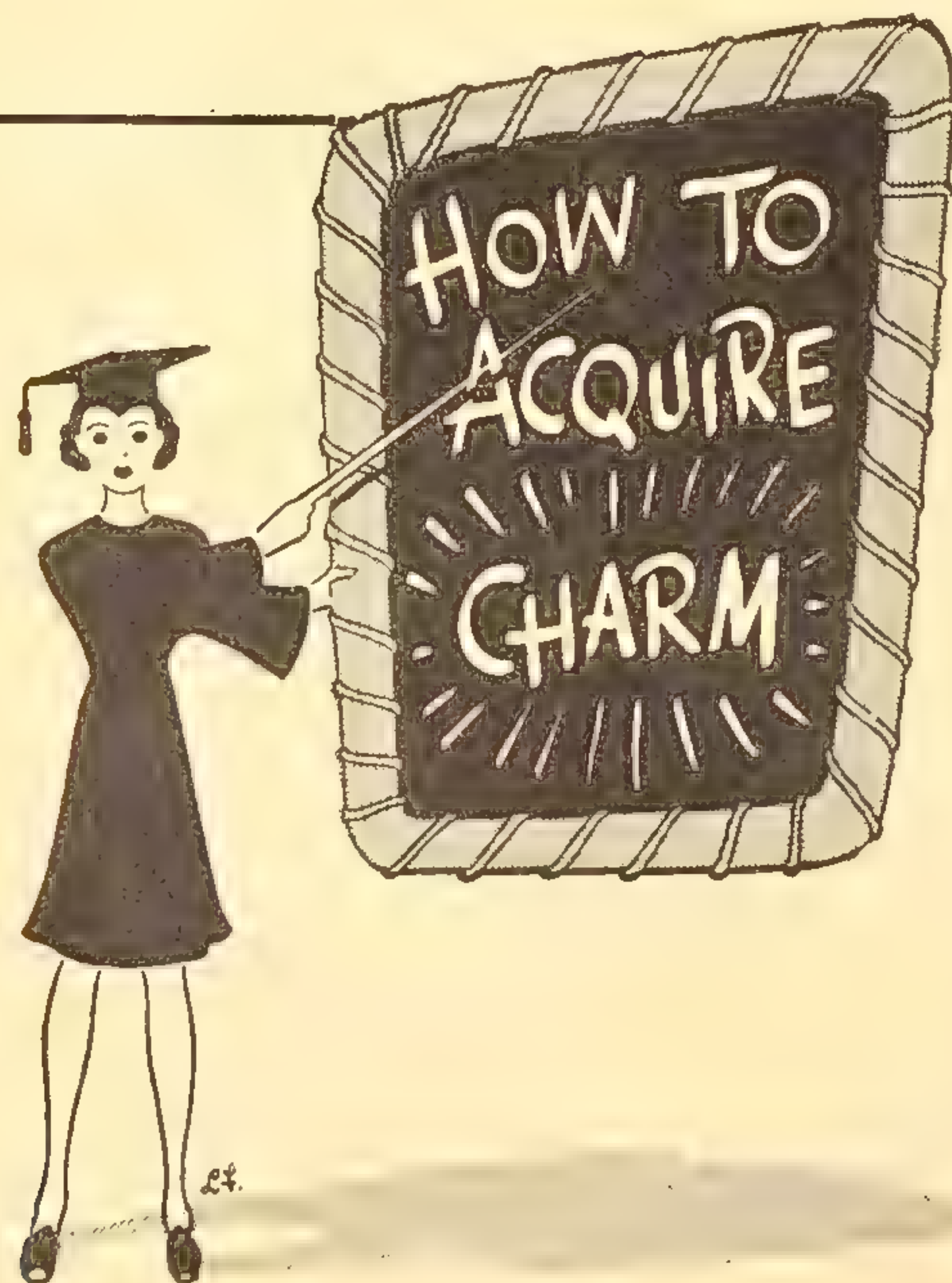
It goes like this: "Now, Mae, you're really a nice person. You aren't homely. Remember the time someone (in a mellow mood) called you a beauty? You aren't stupid. Remember the A's you used to make in school? You don't "offend," or wear angora tams with dress coats, or make tactless cracks that throw dinner parties into an uproar. There's nothing wrong with you at all, simply nothing!"

But then a fiendish voice inside jeers, "Oh, yeah? There's something awful wrong with you, lady! You have an inferiority complex. And that's that!"

It's true. If I go out in new headgear and no one rushes up to exclaim, "What a gorgeous hat!" I go home with my heart oozing out at the tips of my toeless shoes. When people are nice to me, I'm grateful. And I can't make the first gesture to be friendly, for fear it won't be welcome.

What's the answer? Is there some inherent quality that gives certain women a tilt to the chin, a gay arrogance that spells charm? Or can it be acquired? I'd like to know how!

Mae H. Ashworth,
Mt. Vernon, Indiana.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S DEFINITION OF CHARM:

"CHARM IS THE
ABILITY TO BE
ENTIRELY NATURAL
UNDER PRESSURE!"

If it's Charm you seek, you'll find your perfect solution here! For all women, as well as for her contest winner, Claudette defines the precious and elusive quality in practical terms. Yes, you CAN be charming!



WINNER!

DEAR Mae Ashworth:

You have asked the most basic of all questions—the question that perhaps every woman in the world wants answered. I too would like to know what is that “inherent quality that gives certain women a tilt to the chin, a gay arrogance that spells charm.” That ability to attract any and all persons to you is very rare indeed. Since receiving your letter I have found myself watching people at dinner parties and night clubs—wondering just what quality they have that makes them stand out in a group. It’s charm, all right!

I looked in my dictionary to find out what the erudite Mr. Webster had to say about that elusive word and found the following definition of charm: “A trait or quality that fascinates and allures as if by a spell, hence that which fascinates; any alluring quality.” This covers a lot of ground, and yet opens the road to thoughts as to just what in particular pertains to “qualities” and “traits,” and what is fascinating in this every-day world.

After thinking it over I decided that I could define charm in a far more simple manner. My definition (and I don’t want to start any feuds with the wordy Mr. Webster) is: “Charm is the ability to be entirely natural under pressure.” Which isn’t as easy as it sounds. You, I, anybody can be entirely natural when alone. That’s easy. But in a group of people? Believe me, it’s the hardest thing in the world to be natural! As an actress I have had to attend (*Please turn to page 64*)



Claudette's gift, won by Mae Ashworth: smart lapel watch.



**SHE
SINGS!**



HIS ORCHESTRA SWINGS!



**SHE
DANCES!**



SWEETHEART of the CAMPUS

Here's to Youth which likes its love and its music sweet and hot! Gay fiction story of the new screenplay in which Ruby Keeler makes her movie comeback with Ozzie Nelson and his band, and Harriet Hilliard

**Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen**

MAYBE this *wasn't* Broadway. Maybe to a girl whose world was bounded by Brooklyn on the one side and Forty-second Street on the other it was a million miles from Nowhere. But Betty didn't care. She was with Ozzie Nelson and his band, and she was dancing in the brief white satin shorts which made her legs look like glamorous exclamation points, and if there was one thing she liked better than dancing it was

being with Ozzie. Even her gray blue eyes were dancing under their upsweep of curling black lashes and her smile was dancing too in beat to the music and the sharp staccato of her taps.

Terry grinned as he looked at her. Rhythm, that was the word for Betty! She was the million dollar baby, that one, the gold at the end of the rainbow, the answer to a press agent's prayer. If there was anything that

would make a go of Victor's College Club it was Betty's dancing feet and her gamin smile. Even now, before they had opened at all, a couple of boys from Lambert College had crashed the rehearsal and were gazing at Betty with swooning eyes. Terry could understand that look. It was the way he would have liked to look at Betty himself if he hadn't known her heart was all tied up to Ozzie.

Victor—nobody bothered about his last name because they couldn't pronounce it anyway—beat an excited accompaniment on one of the tables. From a hamburger stand to this, and he had Ozzie and Betty and Terry to thank for it. All the tables were sold out for the opening that night and a week's reservations were booked ahead, and yet he had been doubtful when Terry had pointed out the money a night club could make so close to a college campus.

"The college boys will like them, huh?" he beamed.

"Like 'em? They'll love them!" Terry could feel the money jingling in his empty pockets already. "With your location and Ozzie and Betty you should make a million! And you started all this on a hamburger."

"All this, and stomach trouble too!" Victor agreed proudly. Then he frowned as he saw some more people crowding through the door. "Enough is enough!" he blustered. "The College Club, it does not open until eight o'clock! Nobody else comes in free to watch the rehearsal. Everybody out!"

The woman facing him looked as if her mouth had been closed with a safety pin and as if it were an effort to open it even to talk. "I am Mrs. Minnie Lambert Sparr," she announced ominously. "And the man standing in back of me is the sheriff. The laws of this state forbid the operation of a night club within five miles of an institution of learning, and as chairman of the Lambert College Board of Governors it is my duty to protect the students from dens of iniquity."

Ozzie laid down his baton at that. "If you can find any iniquity around here, I'll go fifty-fifty with you," he said.

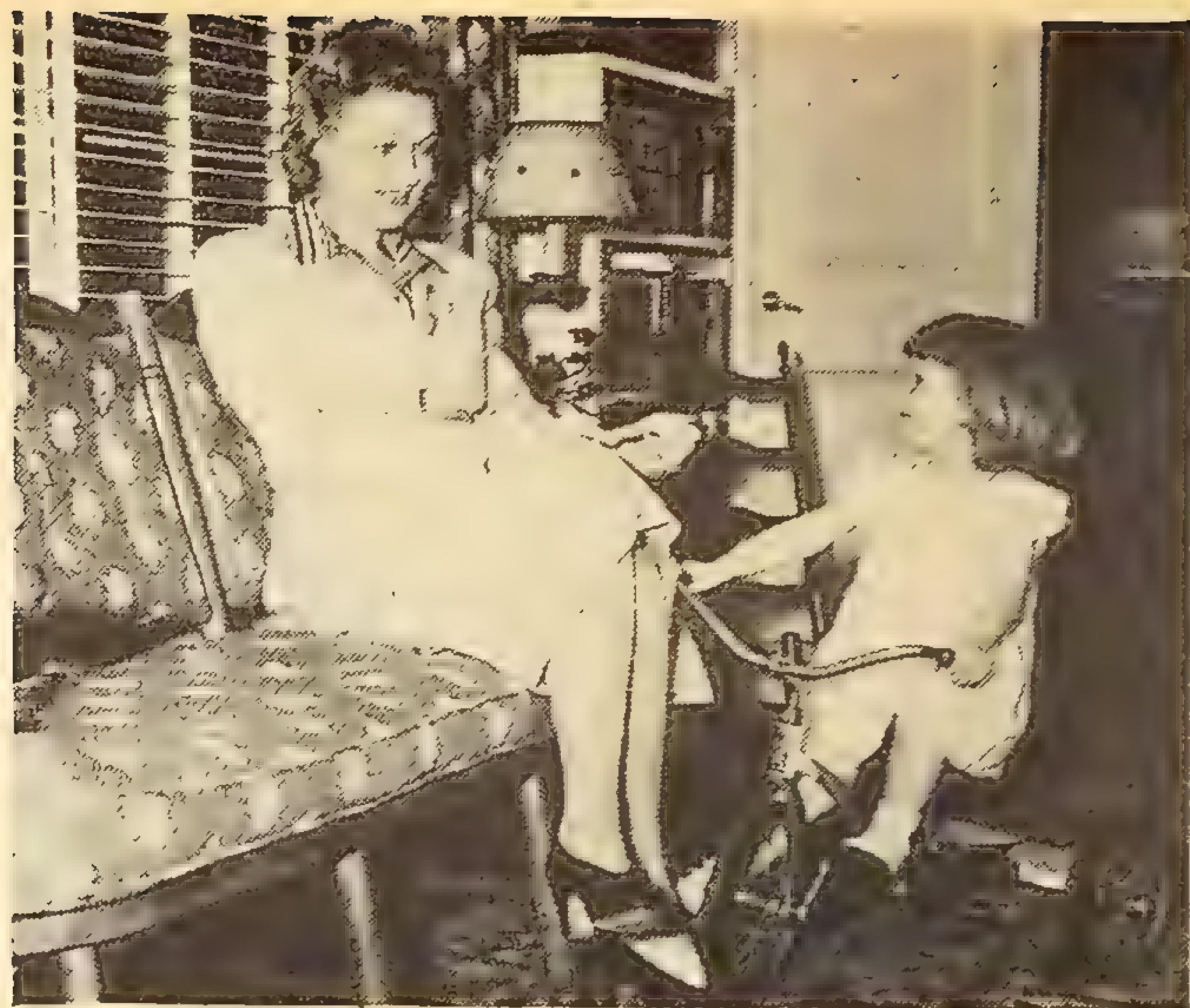
Mrs. Sparr ignored him as she turned to the oldish, near-sighted man standing next to her. "Professor Bailey, take a full description of this vice den and these, ah, these shady characters for evidence." She looked coldly at Betty. "I would estimate the bottom of this woman's apparel to be at least eighteen inches from the ground!"

"Why, you old battle axe!" Betty took a quick step forward. "If you didn't (*Please turn to page 78*)

Popular orchestra leader Ozzie Nelson looks as good as he sounds in his lead rôle in "Sweetheart of the Campus," with his pretty real-life wife, Harriet Hilliard, romancing with him in the film. Below, some sprightly scenes from the picture include Gordon Oliver, good-looking boy who plays opposite Ruby Keeler, as she dances her way back to screen triumph; Ozzie and Harriet, and other members of the large cast.



Copyright 1941 by Columbia Pictures.
Complete cast and credits on Page 79.




ONE WOMAN'S

Photographs by Eugene Robert Richee, courtesy Paramount Pictures, exclusive to SCREENLAND.

ONCE he was a conspicuously bad risk for any girl who wanted all the surface trimmings most women are told to seek. He wouldn't settle down, even after he promised he would. But, fortunately, he met someone who dared to follow her own hunch, one of those few women who understand a male perfectly.

And so today she presides over their Colonial home in Beverly Hills, and he has a yacht. And no love tale Hollywood has ever publicized to the skies can beat their unbally-hooded true romance.

You catch a glimpse of them in a touring car that speeds up the winding hill to their home. Or, if you are their guests at sea, you see two shadows silhouetted against the sunset. He is broad-shouldered, dark, and husky.



Scoop! Very first story of Preston Foster's private life, with exclusive pictures of his lovely wife who has hitherto shunned the spotlight, and their adorable adopted daughter, never before photographed for publication

HUSBAND

By Ben Maddox

We're proud to present this feature! It shows you the truer, unsensational side of much maligned Hollywood. Only by star reporter Maddox would Preston Foster permit himself to be interviewed about his never before publicized home. Here are first and only pictures of charming Mrs. Foster, their beautiful little daughter, and exclusives of their house, "Rose Hill."

His name? Preston Foster. She is small and blonde, and though she has never set foot on a stage or in a studio she is lovelier than most actresses. Certainly she is more of a real woman.

This long honeymoon of theirs is an extraordinary climax. For the truth about Pres is that he was a man who was a consistent failure—but because his wife didn't nag him, or try to change him, he wound up able to give her all they'd ever dreamed about!

Not many girls will take a chance on old-fashioned love these days. But Mrs. Preston Foster depended upon it completely. She was Gertrude Warren when Pres first met her, and both had humble jobs. (*Please turn to page 75*)



THE Canova family was never the type to give advice to anybody. We were too busy trying to solve our own problems. But since quite a few people have called me Funny Face, I thought that maybe I'd be the one to help soothe the worries of the many so-called unattractive girls.

I've never minded being called Funny Face because it's what I get for capitalizing on my rather unglamorous appearance. I've really thought that if I was able to make people laugh, it didn't matter to me what I was called. That's my job in life. And it's a great job. So why should I worry if my eyelashes don't droop languidly enough or if my figure isn't the type to make every man swoon? Personally, I think being a glamor girl is a pretty dull business.

Of course, if people ever called me Funny Face simply to make me ridiculous, I'd resent it. Any girl would. And since most girls who have such nicknames probably feel that they are being made fun of, I think it's high time that somebody defends the funny faces and shows them how really lucky they are.

Most unattractive girls think that they can never have any romance. That no man would ever be inter-

ested in them. As a result, they become shy and self-conscious. Yet, why should they feel this way? In many cases, I have seen the unglamorous types enjoy more real romance than the gals with the oomph. I remember a girl back home in school. She was known as "Monk," because she looked something like a monkey. Yet, she had more dates than any other girl. Men would sooner date her than anyone else.

She used to make the gentle beauties sore, because they could not see what there was about her that attracted men. They couldn't see because they were so busy trying to be attractive and gorgeous that they were just carbon copies of real humans. When they went out with a man, they spent most of the evening fussing with make-up and telling their date how many men were in love with them. In contrast, "Monk" had no illusions about herself. She was a good sport and was always entertaining.

There was another girl in school who was called "Chubby." She was a hefty number, to be sure. Her curves all came together. But, like "Monk," she didn't give a hoot about her curves. She made men forget about the unglamorous part of her because she was always

There ARE no home-ly or unattractive girls, says Judy! If you're born a Funny Face you don't have to stay that way—and she tells us why

**By
Judy
Canova**

**as told to
Jack Holland**



Judy Canova's ADVICE to Homely(?) Girls



Proof that any girl can get what she wants when her heart and mind are set on it—Judy wins attention from handsome Francis Lederer, leading man in her new film, "Puddin'head." Scene still at left, below, shows her with funny-fellow Slim Summerville.

laughing and enjoying herself. She had that infectious charm that intrigued any sensible man.

Yes, "Monk" and "Chubby" married. And they married very good-looking men. I visited them when I went back home a few years ago. They were completely happy and had the most beautiful children. A few of the glamor girls who married, however, had picked out some of the most peculiar-looking men. And they weren't half as happy as "Monk" and "Chubby."

Some girls in the class of "Monk" and "Chubby" may think I'm talking through my hat. They may see their own cases and think that no man will ever be interested in them except as a pal or as a good sport. That love will never have any real part in their lives. How silly of them to believe that! Every romance begins from a sort of palship. Certainly a girl should be a pal to a man. And it makes no difference how long it takes for love to arrive on the scene. Romance will take care of itself.

If an unattractive girl feels that she is merely a long

session version of "How To Be A Pal And Never Marry," she should remember a few simple rules. When she is going with a fellow, she should try to be as congenial as possible. She should allow him the same privileges that she expects. What if he does want to take her to a ball game or to a prize fight, and what if she doesn't give a hoot for sports? She owes him that co-operation. After all, she has undoubtedly dragged the man to shows that have bored him or to night clubs that have palled on him. It's a simple matter of fifty-fifty.

It's been my experience that the unglorified girls are more willing to cooperate with a man and to meet him half-way. The beauties try to get by with everything because they think their looks are enough for any man. If they want to go to a night club and the escort wants to go to a prize fight, it's usually the night club that wins. As such a girl often says to herself, "He can do as I want him to. He should be proud to be seen with me!"

Of course, an unattractive young lady can do all of the cooperating and grant all the privileges without ever finding romance. But if any of you are in that class, take a good look at yourself. Either you're submerging your own personality and your finer points and bringing out only an uninteresting side, or else you're too obviously swooning over the man. No man wants to have love forced on him by a doting female. He wants to be the one who does the idolizing, and this applies more than ever to a girl who doesn't have all the trappings to bring about devoted protestations from a swain.

It's not necessary for a girl to weigh herself down with make-up and false eyelashes to get a man's interest. Usually, such a procedure absolutely forbids any reciprocal feeling. And more often, it centers too much attention on the girl's lack of beauty and hides her own personality. No man wants to cavort around with a girl who looks like Frankenstein in a Ziegfeld chorus!

It's my advice to these girls to forget their plainness. Everyone has some particular fine quality that stands out, and when any young lady is fortunate enough to know just what this is and capitalizes on it, she is really out of the unattractive class. (Please turn to page 60)



DENNIS DOGS



Above, another appealing Dennis drawing: "He said he had to see a man about a dog."



Morgan Dennis calls his Scottish action picture, above, "When I gotta go—I gotta go!"

Who wouldn't enjoy owning an original Morgan Dennis dog picture? Here's your opportunity to try for this prize! The internationally known etcher and illustrator of dog subjects visited Hollywood recently, and while there he did a series of portraits of screen stars and their pets which will appear in SCREENLAND, beginning in this issue with the drawing of Mickey Rooney on opposite page, in connection with our New Pet Picture Contest. Dennis introduced his pup puppets to the film world for the first time. He plans to make a series of short films with these clever dog puppets—see him at right with "Burlap," his favorite.



Makes you chuckle just to look at it! This one's happily called, "C'mon in—the water's fine!"

CONTEST RULES:

1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.
2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage.
3. Contest closes midnight, August 5th, 1941.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal values will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to New Pet Picture Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

New Pet Picture Contest!

Everybody has a pet, and practically everybody likes to take pictures! So, whether your particular pet is a dog, cat, canary, duck, baby kangaroo or what have you, have some fun with us and enter your best pet picture in our new contest. First Prize, original star-pet portrait by noted artist Morgan Dennis. We will publish winning pet picture in an early issue, and will pay \$5.00 for each additional picture published. Watch for another Pet Picture Contest next month. Fun for everybody!

Try for the first prize—original Dennis drawing of Mickey Rooney and his pet reproduced on facing page. Cash prizes for each additional picture we publish. All entries will be judged for human interest combined with pictorial appeal. Read the simple rules, fill out the coupon

I am entering SCREENLAND New Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed herewith.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Morgan Dennis visits the M-G-M studio and sketches "Buttons," trick dog featured in "Lady Be Good," in which Ann Southern stars.





MICKEY ROONEY AND PAL

By Morgan Dennis

JACK JOINS THE NAVY!

Oakie goes gob for
"Navy Blues," Warners'
big new musical movie

Photo
Sch
Cr



Players had so much fun making "Navy Blues" that Errol Flynn strolled over from his own set on the Warner lot to join in, clowning with Jack Oakie and Jack Haley—and bevy of raving beauties including Georgia Carroll (left).

SAILOR BEWARE! SHERIDAN AT WORK

Wink back a welcome
to Ann, in first rôle
since suspension

Photo by
Welbourne



Look who's among those present in the
star cast of "Navy Blues"—none other
than Martha Raye, making movie come-
back after Broadway stage hit. Left and
right, typical zany Raye antics, on and
off the set, by the new Mrs. Neal Lang.





BELLE OF OLD BOSTON

Merle Oberon has her most enchanting rôle in Korda's lavish new production, "Illusions," directed by the distinguished Julien Duvivier. Her charming costumes were designed by noted artist Marcel Vertès, and we show you the loveliest of the collection here.



Cotten's second movie rôle offers even more scope for his vigorous talents than "Citizen Kane." His love scenes with Merle may hurl him into the Power-Taylor class of screen idols.

NEWCOMER JOSEPH COTTEN SCORES AGAIN!

With his first screen rôle in "Citizen Kane" Cotten was catapulted to Hollywood fame. If you saw him in the Orson Welles film, or on the stage with Katharine Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story," you'll want to watch his fine performance opposite Merle in "Illusions"

SUN SIREN— 1941 STYLE



Cobina Wright, Jr., takes time out from "Moon Over Miami" to show us how a screen deb dresses the part

For swimming, for beach-basking, for tennis, for loafing, for informal patio dining—Cobina picks the cream of the crop of gay clothes for sun fun. Shown here are pictures snapped at famous Arrowhead Springs, favorite resort of the best Hollywood biggies.



When Cobina is cast as a smart young thing she needs to use none of the acting talent she undoubtedly possesses—for she is a real, not publicity, socialite whose instinct and training instruct her in doing, and saying, and wearing the right thing. On these pages she poses in her own selections of Summer playclothes, fresh, correct and appealing. No wonder Stirling Hayden likes to date the divinely fair Cobina!



HEROES Of The AIR



*Photographs
by Morgan.
Warner Bros.*

MacMurray and Flynn make a good team as intrepid airmen in "Dive Bomber." On location at naval air base both actors were greatly impressed at activities, took their significant rôles seriously. Note, below, Fred and Flynn are wearing oxygen masks.





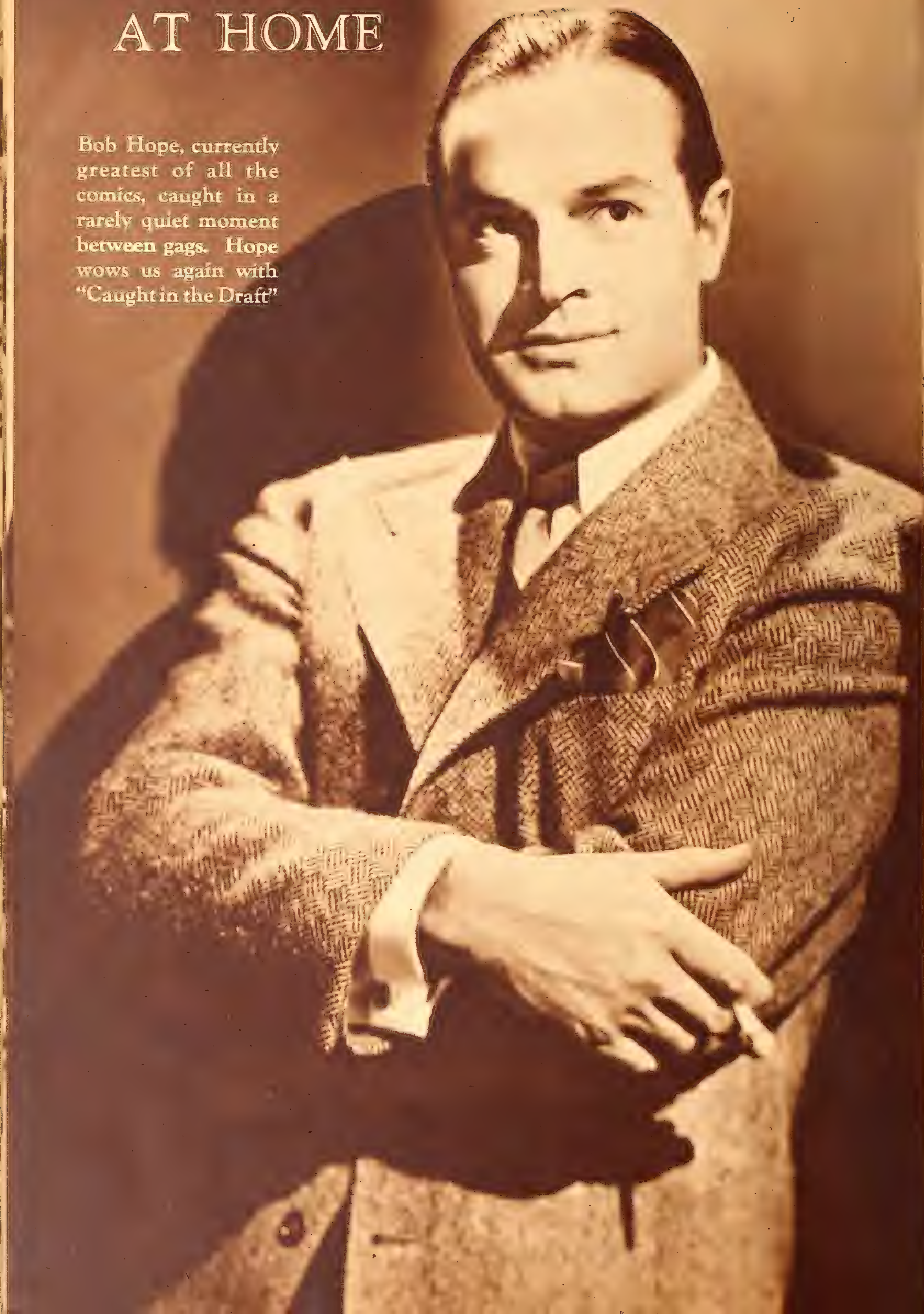
Most important of the new films with the great name of American defense is Warners' "Dive Bomber" with Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray, filmed at the U. S. naval air base at San Diego, California

U. S. naval air base at San Diego co-located with Warner Bros. Pictures and the result will be a thrilling—and authentic—film. Pictures at top of pages show the movie crews in action. Below, MacMurray is seen wearing a gas jacket which can be inflated by a tug which releases the contents of two small gas cylinders in the jacket. Grim reality, this.



HARLEQUIN AT HOME

Bob Hope, currently greatest of all the comics, caught in a rarely quiet moment between gags. Hope wows us again with "Caught in the Draft"



A vintage, sepia-toned photograph of actress Linda Darnell. She is smiling broadly, looking towards the camera. She has dark, wavy hair and is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved dress with a large, dark floral pattern. She is leaning against a stone wall or ledge. The background is dark and out of focus.

VENUS AT EASE

Linda Darnell, most gorgeous of all the many young beauties of Hollywood, is her own gay self again after her sombre rôle in "Blood and Sand"

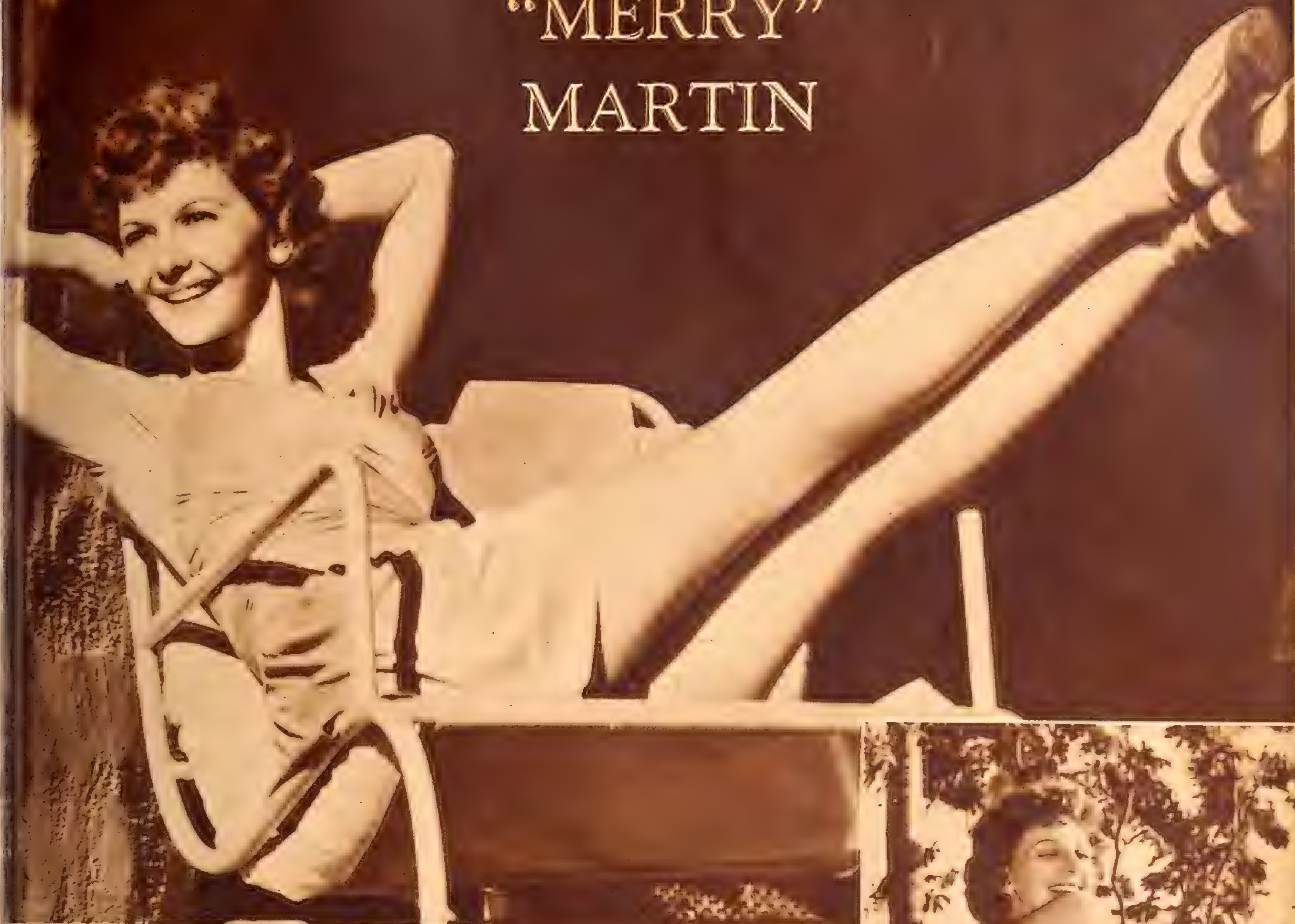


COMELY CONNIE

Richee, Paramount

If she never made another picture, Connie still stand a good chance of movie immortality as the girl who managed to make you stop and listen to her in "I Wanted Wings"—though Veronica Lake was in the same film. Meet Miss Moore in "Buy Me That T

"MERRY" MARTIN



And no wonder Mary is gay these days! She has just made the hit of her career as the charming Southern beauty in "Kiss The Boys Goodbye," Paramount's screen smash

Mary takes to crinolines for some scenes in her new film in which she is co-starred with Don Ameche, with Oscar Levant for sardonic comedy. But when she finished the picture she switched to sun-suits and we found her basking by her swimming pool in her garden.



Streamlining Sonja!

You'll see a brand new Sonja Henie in her new picture, "Sun Valley Serenade." The piquant skating star has shed pounds, acquired a streamlined personality and wardrobe, which we exhibit here for the first time. At right, the star with her new leading man, John Payne, in a scene from her first film since her marriage to sportsman-socialite, handsome Dan Topping.





Sonja not only skates but skis in "Sun Valley Serenade." Above, in her winter sports costume. Other pictures give you a good idea of the improved Sonja silhouette. How do you like her now?





Hal A. McAlpin, Paramount

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Betty Field in "Shepherd of the Hills"

THE SECRETS OF

Whatever it is that gets 'em, George has it—and that's no secret. But his hidden personality is another story. Here it is

By Fredda Dudley



Movie audiences first liked him for his performances in RKO's "Saint" series. Now they are applauding him in his latest rôle in "Man Hunt," with Walter Pidgeon (left).

SANDERS



HE IS six feet, three inches tall; he weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds; he is grumpy in the morning. In addition to these vital statistics, practically everyone knows that George Sanders is a mass of contradictions.

While other actors toil mightily in behalf of their careers, Mr. Sanders has a three-horse parley on Indolence, Sloth, and Relaxation. Whereas other actors buy boats and sail them lustily up and down the Catalina Channel, George built a boat, discovered that the nearest harbor was some twenty miles distant from his home, and promptly sold the boat. "That's too beastly far to go for a bit of a sail," opined George.

Another Sanders divergence from the norm is his attitude toward his work. The average motion picture actor is willing to list a number of attributes that he thinks come in handy in creating a character from a script. He will say that a good memory is essential, that imagination helps, that wide reading is important, and that close observation of one's fellow beings is another stock in trade.

Not George. He approaches the subject from a fresh angle. "Show me," he says, somewhat belligerently, "a man who *can't* be an actor. Point out to me *one thing* that makes it impossible for any man to be an actor! Acting doesn't take looks; it doesn't require a good voice; it doesn't even require any sort of memory because the lines can be written on a blackboard if necessary. I would make an odd sort of talent scout, because, frankly, I believe that any man, given the chance, can become a reasonably good actor. All women are actresses to begin with, so we needn't discuss them. Yes, I'd make a rather alarming talent scout, I think."

To go back to the secret source of Mr. Sanders' lack of conformity with the rest of the film colony, we (*Please turn to page 58*)

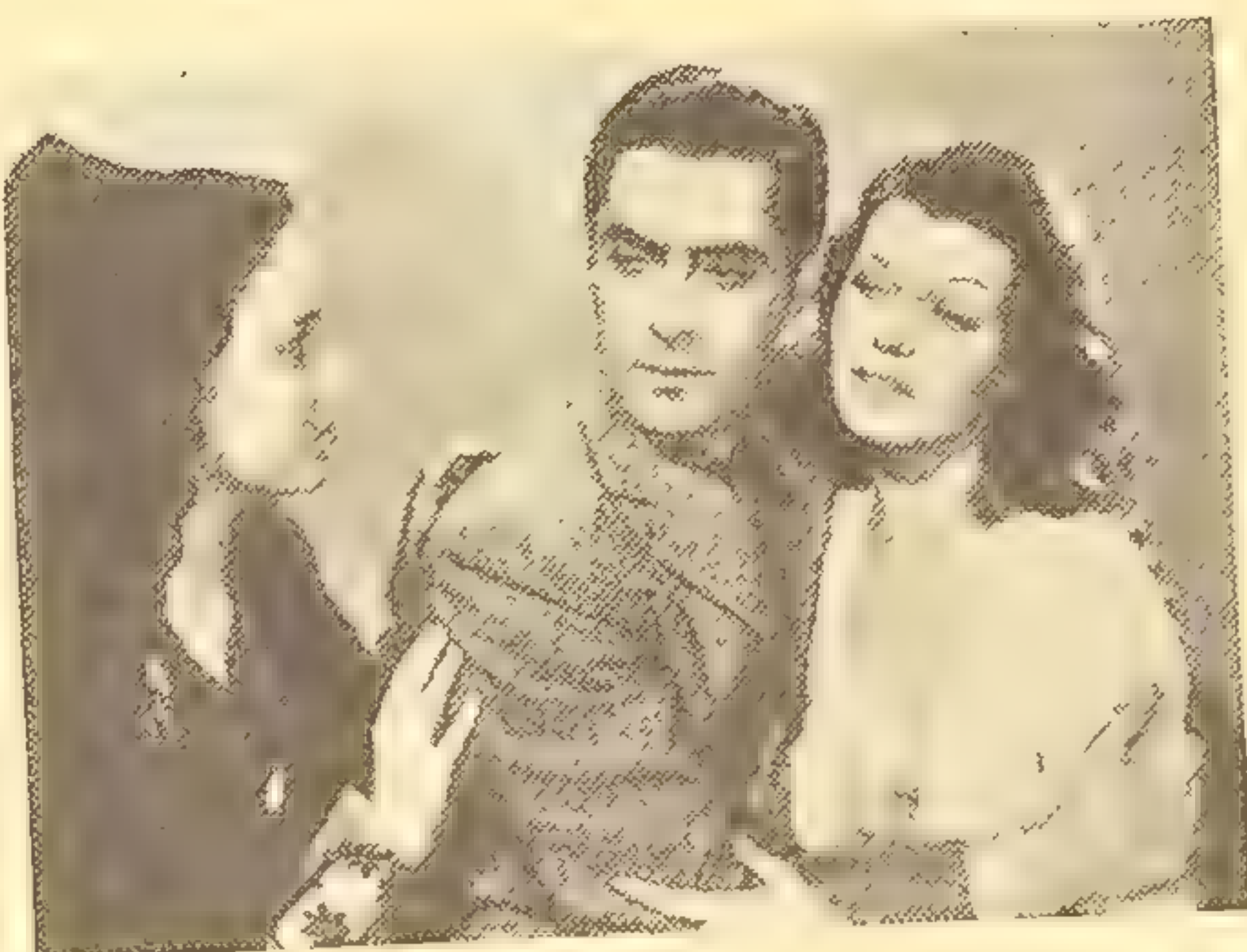


Your **GUIDE** *at a* **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"BLOOD AND SAND"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
THRILLING!

APPEAL: Whether or not you approve of bullfighting, you'll undoubtedly approve of Tyrone Power as a matador and Linda Darnell and Rita Hayworth as adorables, all in Technicolor.

PLOT: Blasco Ibanez' old one about the fearless matador—first enacted by Rudolph Valentino—his exploits fighting and loving, living and dying, with lavish modern embellishments.

PRODUCTION: Superlative, with Rouben Mamoulian's sensitive and highly civilized direction imparting touch of piquancy to elemental savagery of the story. Settings, costumes, scenery—gaudy and gorgeous. Bullfighting scenes guaranteed not to harrow you beyond endurance as the Hays office is ever present to protect your tender feelings.

ACTING: Superb, especially Tyrone Power, who has the showiest rôle of his screen career and plays it to the hilt, aha. Not since "Lloyds of London" has the handsome lad had such a chance to make the ladies swoon. Power is pressed for first honors by luscious Rita Hayworth, who will surprise you with the smoldering intensity with which she invests the rôle of the bad influence in his life. Her scenes with our hero, rather than the bullfights, will make you gasp. Linda Darnell is beguiling, Nazimova impressive as good forces.

20th Century-Fox

"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
AMUSING!

APPEAL: If you like a good, gay show which is frankly lightweight entertainment and makes no pretensions to epic importance—as who doesn't in this sultry season?—here it is.

PLOT: Once the fabulous Clare Booth Luce wrote a wise and witty little play called "Kiss The Boys Goodbye," in which she poked clever fun at assorted sacred cows. This isn't it.

PRODUCTION: Smart and splashy, and I don't refer entirely to star Mary Martin's swimming pool strip tease. For a romance-with-music its song numbers are interpolated practically painlessly rather than dragged in for no reason; the direction is as brisk as the script allows, and if the dialogue writers had only kept pace—but they couldn't, or didn't.

ACTING: Maybe the reason Mary Martin has never before set the screen a-fire is that Hollywood took so long to let her do a streamlined version of the strip tease act for which she was famous on the Broadway stage—anyway, here's Mary at her most-est and her best-est, seeming a brand new personality when she impersonates a professional Southern belle with molasses accent, and singing as she never has sung before. Oscar Levant is only half as funny as in "Rhythm on the River" but that's still funny enough. Don Ameche, Virginia Dale also present.

Paramount

"A WOMAN'S FACE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
POWERFUL!

APPEAL: To those bored with cream-puff stuff, here's a strong drama with an unusual theme, giving Joan Crawford a grand chance for a brilliant movie comeback.

PLOT: Based on a Swedish film of the same name which starred Ingrid Bergman, about the regeneration of a woman whose life was warped by a hideously scarred face—poignant rather than excessively gruesome.

PRODUCTION: You remember "The Women," which "brought back" Crawford once before? Well, it was directed by George Cukor, noted for his guidance of women stars, who also pilots the star in this one, with striking results. The trial of the heroine for murder tells her story through the testimony of the witnesses—a dramatic device which builds suspense and holds your attention every minute.

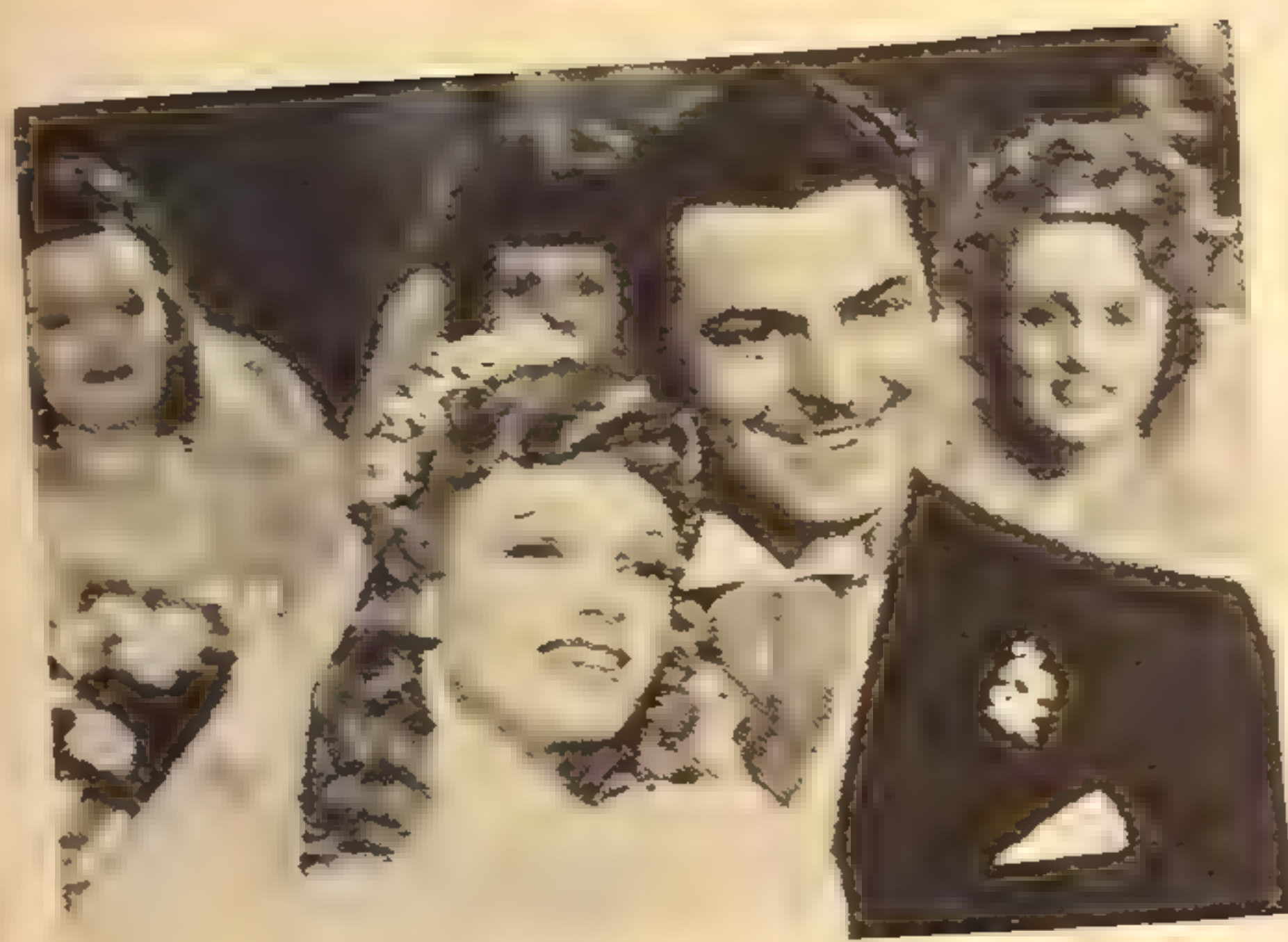
ACTING: Yes, Crawford does come back, if she ever was away. She is indeed an actress instead of a mannequin from now on, her intense performance in a sombre rôle elevating her to Academy Award heights. Conrad Veidt as her evil genius etches a fascinating portrait in acid of a sinister character. Melvyn Douglas as the surgeon whose skill restores the ill-fated heroine's beauty of face and soul is splendid. Osa Massen makes one of her rare appearances, and shines.

M-G-M

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"SUNNY"



ONE-WORD GUIDE: SPARKLING!

APPEAL: Remember when—and *Who?* Even if you don't you are almost certain to enjoy this sprightly, 1941 screen version of the immortal Ziegfeld musical comedy.

PLOT: You've heard this one before, and often—but it's the surefire stuff of which musicals have always been made: millionaire falls in love with charming stage Cinderella, etc.

PRODUCTION: By Herbert Wilcox, meaning it's always in excellent taste and somewhat leisurely tempo, but with plenty of grace and gentle charm. The jitterbugs may vote Wilcox' technique a trifle old-fashioned, but the sedate audiences will find it a relief from swing and such—and some of the dance numbers are lovely.

ACTING: Anna Neagle scintillates as *Sunny*, a dancer and circus performer, with her dancing, especially, a joy to see. But it is John Carroll who will surprise you with his fine singing voice, his rugged good looks, and his casual manner—a pleasurable shock in a musical leading man. So it's Neagle for grace, Carroll for masculine charm in this show—and for novelty, the comedy-dance experts, the Hartmans, lithe and lanky Ray Bolger, Edward Everett Horton, and, of all anti-climactic attractions, a talented clowning seal. You can't say "Sunny" fails to offer variety.

RKO-Radio

"IN THE NAVY"



ONE-WORD GUIDE: HILARIOUS!

APPEAL: If you howled, despite your better judgment, at Abbott and Costello in their first film, "Buck Privates," here's more of the same—only louder and cornier—and funnier.

PLOT: They're in the Navy now, that's all. But it seems to be enough, since the "plot" of an Abbott-Costello circus consists of a series of gags anyway. Oh, yes, there's Dick Powell, crooner.

PRODUCTION: Just a frame for those zanies' antics, which are wilder than in their Army days—must be that sea air. Whatever it is, it's a grand adv. for the Navy. Chief difference between "Buck Privates" and "In The Navy" is that instead of the crap game in the former, there is a shell game; no daring innovations to make the customers uneasy in their new surroundings.

ACTING: In addition to the artistry of the co-stars, who never let you down because they never let down an instant themselves—there is Mr. Powell's contented crooning, Dick Foran's physique, Claire Dodd's ditto, "Butch and Bud-dy's" special brand of juvenile comedy, if you care, and, as in "Buck Privates," the grand voices of the Andrews Sisters, tops in their field. Six songs, some of them singable, add to the gay goings-on. Next month, Abbott and Costello "In The Air"—and I am afraid I am not kidding.

Universal

"MAJOR BARBARA"



ONE-WORD GUIDE: SPLENDID!

APPEAL: To every intelligent moviegoer, and particularly to those with fond memories of "Pygmalion," which means everyone who saw it—same producer, same star.

PLOT: One of Bernard Shaw's best plays, "Major Barbara" does not "date" even though it is one of the great playwright's early successes. Satirizes war, peace, the Salvation Army—everything!

PRODUCTION: Gabriel Pascal has a more difficult job on his directorial hands this time than with "Pygmalion." Besides shooting scenes between air raids, he encountered a complex story without the romantic interest of "Pygmalion," and still he triumphed, contriving a brilliant, engrossing film.

ACTING: Practically perfection—and no wonder, with the cast studded with some of the most illustrious names of England's theater and screen. First, the enchanting Wendy Hiller, unforgettable *Eliza Doolittle* of "Pygmalion," this time a more heroic figure as the munitionmaker's daughter who seeks to save souls through the Salvation Army. Hers is a compelling and compassionate portrait. Next, Robert Newton, amazingly good as a "limey" whose tough soul she finally saves—an actor to watch. Then Robert Morley, superb as the multi-millionaire realist; Rex Harrison, Marie Lohr and all the rest.

United Artists (British made)

Beauty Sermon on the Sun

Joan Crawford gives her personal advice on good looks problems

By Courtenay Marvin



Joan Crawford illustrates the good practice of brushing her hair in the open for the benefit of the fresh air. Miss Crawford, by the way, was one of the first stars to start the vogue of hair design high above the forehead. She began some years ago with a coil resembling a huge curl. Today, we emphasize the pompadour and the forehead bangs. Thus fashion evolves.

WAS Joan Crawford born with that dynamic, dramatic quality that is peculiarly hers? Or has she developed it? That I have tried to decide by comparing old photographs of Miss Crawford with the star as she is today. There is little in the early photographs to indicate that Destiny marked her for her meteoric place on the screen. Yet—those who know her intimately will tell you that every phase of this star's being is branded with a quality of awareness that is definitely Crawford. Be sure of this—that as Miss Crawford has grown in her dramatic attainments on the screen, as a person she has grown correspondingly.

The first time I ever saw her, some years ago, she came to the office of my magazine. She was announced, shown in, and as she passed through that office she seemed to electrify the air. Sheets of paper on the desks all but curled and turned over, and then she paused and smiled at the whole staff. That was a very real smile, and I dare say there isn't one of that scattered group today but who has remained an ardent Crawford fan. And so in movie circles today, I gather that once Joan Crawford is a friend, a friend she remains. From a few I know who know her well, I have grown to associate these two words with her, "loyalty" and "courage." Strong words, dramatic, compelling words. Joan Crawford words, you might say.

And so in the same tenor, I put some beauty questions directly to the star. Directly, she answered them, and here they are:

"What are your skin care habits in Summer?"

"If you have dry skin—and I have—I'd advise the use of an oil of some kind before exposure to the skin. I use petrolatum (petroleum jelly), and I use it on my face and arms and shoulders and legs for sunbaths.

"Some girls are afraid of freckles. I don't happen to mind them a bit; in fact, I think they're healthy and natural looking. For anyone who doesn't feel about them

as I do, I'd advise a protective cream."

Regarding the use of petroleum jelly, another star once suggested this home treatment, excellent for a general softening of skin. She'd cleanse with cream, then apply the jelly liberally to her face just before a warm tub bath. This produced a good perspiration, very cleansing and softening. Save this for cooler days, though; the thought is too warm for August.

And thank you, Joan Crawford, for giving the freckle a glamorous place in the sun, for literally putting it on the "map." This department feels friendly toward freckles.

"How do you guard your hair against sunburn in the Summer?"

"Oh, I never expose my (*Please turn to page 66*)



Above, Joan Crawford's abundant hair gets a good combing outdoors. Notice her definite, strong brows, the fashion brows of the moment. And her very definite, indeed, generous mouth. You may remember her mouth in "Rain," which created warm debate at the time. Her extreme exaggeration in that picture resulted in approval for at least normally full lips, more pleasing than the rosebud type. Below, the star views herself through dark glasses to protect from the glare.



HERE'S

**By
Weston
East**

IT'S Bob Hope's story about the gal who was so nutty over soldiers—she was *khaki wacky*! Bing Crosby claims he knows another girl who saw "Young Tom Edison" so many times, she's *Rooney looney*!

THERE'S a reason why you didn't see only a tiny shot of Anthony Quinn fighting the bull in "Blood and Sand." Days were spent in shooting it. Tony, who originally set out to become a matador, gave a magnificent account of himself. When the rushes were run in the projection room good as Tyrone Power was—Tony still showed him up. So Tony lost his fight to the cutting room floor.

HOLLYWOOD is asking? Instead of the reported sinus operation, did Rudy Vallee have his eyes fixed so they no longer droop at the corners? This is current rumor.

FOR years Cesar Romero has struggled to support his large family. For years he has dreamed of owning his own home and settling down to a happy married life. Now, just as things are breaking so beautifully, his draft number has been called. Cesar refuses to feel sorry for himself. He's ready and willing to go. But first he must provide for all his dependents during the year he is away doing his bit.

THE little bud is blossoming out. Jane Withers now wears heart-shaped lockers and earrings. In one she carries a picture of Bob Shaw, now serving Uncle Sam. The other side features handsome young Richard Clayton, Janey's current leading man.

GENE RAYMOND is a natural blond. So he was burned aplenty when it was printed that he bleaches his wavy locks. For his rôle in "Mr. & Mrs. Smith" Gene's hair was dyed a darker shade. Now he's making "Smilin' Through." They couldn't wait for his hair to grow out blond again. So this time Sydney Guilaroff *did* have to bleach it!

WATCH for this man. His name is David Bacon. He's tall, dark, handsome. Not unlike Jimmy Stewart. He comes from Back Bay Boston. He's been in Hollywood six months and never been seen on the screen. Director Sam Wood tested him for "Kitty Foyle." He was too young for the part. Howard Hughes saw the test and signed him on the spot. He draws a weekly salary and Hughes will star him at the proper time. He refers to himself as, "The rich man's Jack Beutel," or, "The poor man's Glenn Ford." Yes, he has a sense of humor.

Uncle Sam in short pants: Between chores on Columbia's "Time Out For Rhythm," graceful Ann Miller took time out to create and dedicate a dance routine especially for American trainees. She appropriately calls it "The Star Spangled Strut" which she illustrates, left and top. Above, with Rudy Vallee.

HOLLYWOOD



Stills from new movies, below: Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine, "Before the Fact;" Betty Grable and Don Ameche, "Moon Over Miami;" left, Gloria Swanson and Adolphe Menjou, "Father Takes a Wife;" right, Ellen Drew, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Hussey, "Our Wife."

WHEN the Hays office put a ban on sweater "art" local newspapers wanted to bust right out with a big feature spread. Studios were swamped with requests. All they wanted were pictures of Lana Turner, Ann Sheridan, Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable. They wanted the girls in sweaters—picketing the Hays Office building! While the studios were thinking the matter over, Earl Carroll's girls stepped in and pulled the stunt.

BECAUSE he makes most of his pictures at Universal, Franchot Tone decided it might be a good idea to buy a home out in the valley. So he stopped at a real estate office to make inquiries. When he left the salesman handed him a card. On it Franchot read, "Get a lot while you're young." Franchot is thinking about that.

ERROL FLYNN is giving his studio a nice healthy headache. Every time he has an interview, "Father Flynnagan" insists on having it when he's stretched out in his birthday clothes, in Dave Chasen's steam room. So far all the interviewers have been men. What happens when local girl gets break? Trust Errol to make it original. And censorable. They hope!

HOLLYWOOD is still chuckling over Edgar Bergen's Mother's Day card. It bore a picture of Charlie McCarthy, eyes rolling heavenward, clasping to his bosom—the trunk of a tree!

THIS isn't an announcement—it's merely a warning. Merle Oberon has confided to intimate friends that there is one thing on this earth she wants more than anything else. A baby.

VERONICA LAKE, who in private life is Mrs. John Detlie, is going to have a baby. At first she denied it vehemently. Then studio photographers noticed she was photographing heavier. Finally, when her clothes for "Sullivan's Travels" didn't fit on her original wardrobe model, they knew it must be true. So Veronica, who sometimes confuses interviewers with the discrepancies in her stories, admitted the truth. She was afraid if she had admitted it sooner, she might not have won the coveted rôle in Preston Sturges' new picture. The baby's expected September.

AS AN investment, Ray Milland bought his first apartment house on Sunset Boulevard. All of which isn't particularly unusual in Hollywood. What makes it a good story is this. Ray bought the very same building he was once thrown out of—because he couldn't pay the forty dollars monthly rent!

DESPITE denials, it was conflict between herself and Director William Wyler that sent Bette Davis home from "The Little Foxes" production for a ten day illness. Many times on "Jezebel" and "The Letter," Wyler's sarcasm had Bette on the verge of hysterics. Remembering Wyler's final screen results were so worthy, Bette managed to control herself. The corsets and heavy velvet costumes, the "unusual" hot weather, plus the heavy dramatic rôle were all finally too much for Bette. When Davis gives in you just have to know that she really was taking a beating. But of course she went back to "The Little Foxes." That's the sort of good sport and great trouper she is!





It's all so nautical but oh, so nice! Muriel Barr shows a decided partiality to the Marines in this Vera West designed outfit. It's cutely topped with a jaunty overseas beret.



Continuing the military influenced styles of Vera West, we give you Mildred Gaye of Universal's "Maid in Manhattan," keeping in step with the times in a navy blue wool suit.

The Secrets of Sanders

Continued from page 51

must follow a number of tangled wanderings that bring us out—like one of those mysterious passageways in a "Saint" thriller—in a city on the other side of the world. George was born in St. Petersburg, of English parents, and learned to speak Russian before he mastered English. Rebellion No. 1, you see, aided and abetted by a doting Russian nurse. George shared the nursery with one brother who is making progress in pictures under the name Tom Conway.

George's father isn't a person to be dismissed lightly. He was in the rope manufacturing business and liked it very much for awhile, but there is one trouble with that sort of an industry in Russia: one never knows when the owner is going to be forced to test his product in public.

Before the revolution, George's father got on very well indeed with the monarchist regime on a musical basis. That is, Mr. Sanders had taken an intense interest in the balalaika—an instrument confined entirely to the banks of the Volga in those days. It was considered a vulgar instrument, played by peasants who were deemed to have as perverted a taste for music as an American saw fiddler. Mr. Sanders saw possibilities in the balalaika's jingling music, however, and organized an orchestra, preparing the arrangements himself. (You see, George comes honestly by his inclination to invent things.)

The next thing Sanders, *pere*, knew, he

was playing for the Emperor. Then he was decorated for merit. Then he played for the Emperor. Then he was decorated. Then he played. . . . "Anyway," said George, chuckling, "he was decorated so many times that he jingled when he walked!"

The balalaika orchestra became an old Russian tradition, and no one remembers nowadays that it was established by an Englishman. Ah, these English! Wherever they go they establish an old custom.

In the midst of this rope-making and balalaika-playing, the revolution broke out. George, his mother and his brother had been forwarded to England some time earlier as Mr. Sanders had heard murmurings and had seen revolutionaries keeping an eye on one of the large breweries, so he expected trouble. He, personally, escaped across the frozen sea to Finland on a horse-drawn sledge—and not a moment too soon, either. "It was nip and tuck for a bit," concluded George. "During those moments, Dad was probably sorry for the first time in his life that he made such good rope."

As for George, he demoralized Bedales (an English secondary school) and Brighton College and emerged on the world looking for trouble of the sort Dad used to have. When asked if he had been graduated from his college George said, "That, of course, is a secret," so you may draw your own conclusions about this phase of his career.

He took a job with a tobacco company because (1) the job involved travel, *i.e.* long hops between actual work, and (2) he was entranced by the idea of an expense account.

Quicker than you could say Roll Your Own, George turned up in Denmark. The Danes, however, had well-solidified notions about smoking so George was forwarded to South America—to Patagonia, to be exact. In case you've forgotten your geography, the dictionary describes Patagonia as follows: "A region at the southern extremity of South America; divided between Chile and the Argentine Republic; inhabited by wild tribes."

In addition to the wild tribes, there were a great many Englishmen doing their usual bit toward cultivating the land and civilizing it. However advanced these planters were, they took no chances with strangers. If a traveler arrived after dark, he entered the property at his own risk—usually fatal. George, guided along an imperceptible trail by an Indian boy, practically never reached anywhere until about 8:15 p. m. and wisely camped just outside the plantation environs. The next morning, in bright daylight, he marched up and elucidated upon the merits of the tobacco he was selling. Between commercials, he gave out with a very nice variety program including local and distant news flashes.

"When I found a congenial chap—as I did frequently—I simply stayed with him until he kicked me out. Of course," added George, "I worked hard every day—writing long, glowing letters about the number of Patagonian contacts I was making and the reception they gave our product."

After having exhausted the hospitality of Patagonia, George proceeded to Chile.



Join the Navy and see the world! Before you do, study Jane Frazee's sea blue wool suit, with its white star-embroidered uniform collar. Jane, too, is in "Maid in Manhattan."



Mitzi Uehlein is the recipient of the admiring glances of an aviator and a cadet. Her skirt is high-waisted and banded with red and white belting. Mitzi feels right comfy in it.

Someone had directed him to the largest copper mine in the world, and it occurred to George that miners would offer a wide clientele for his tobacco. To say nothing of their being robust and congenial companions to whom to pass out samples while George was resting. This might have gone on for years, with the miners becoming inalienably wedded to the product George represented, except for a curious natural phenomenon. Chile is one of the trembling countries, reposing as it does on the very roof of the western cordillera which is suspected of being an earthquake factory. A fresh assortment of earthquakes was delivered every night. Not terrific jolts, you understand, but a series of rockabye motions that lasted several moments, then subsided, then rocked again.

Every night, during this jitterbug business, George was writing a letter to headquarters; as a consequence his pen strokes proved to be somewhat erratic. Mr. Sanders, in all his innocence, mailed the squiggly reports—neat or not—but they must have set up a serious suspicion in the home office minds, because George was recalled to England, and. . . . "What happened to me is a secret," said George. At any rate, he was available for other employment immediately after the conference. He tried a little this and that. Advertising—no go. Another tobaccoconist—likewise, no go. There was a depression on, and the future was as dark as a London pea-souper.

By chance, George met an uncle on the street one day who said, "You should take up singing, old boy. It seems to me you'd be quite good at entertaining people." Apparently the uncle had heard about some of George's "secret" South American accomplishments. The idea of sitting at a piano

and singing to earn a living appealed to George as minimum output of energy for maximum income, so he exerted himself for six months and emerged in some of the best homes with a compelling baritone. "My voice wasn't so bad in those days, although I keep it secret now," confessed George, refusing to sound his A.

There happened to be in attendance at one of George's public appearances (Fate is so secretive about her plans), a producer who signed George instantly. Almost instantly, this Englishman born in Russia and newly come from Patagonia, emerged as the screen's foremost portrayer of brutal German officers.

When asked how it happened that he could project, to the utter conviction of an audience, the personality of an incisive, autocratic Teuton filled with world-dominating force (a rôle entirely foreign to Mr. Sanders' lackadaisical nature) he grinned. Playing an imaginary cello he explained, "That is one of the tricks of my trade. A trade secret, you might say."

As a matter of fact, George has received a good many letters of criticism on this score. He has been accused of being a German spy, a fifth columnist, and a Nazi fugitive. He gets a kick out of the accusations. "That sort of thing would require such a lot of effort," he says, settling deeper into a comfortable chair.

When asked if there were any particular part he was ambitious to play some day—something he had chanced across while reading, or seen on the legitimate stage—he answered with alacrity, "Yes, as a matter of fact, there is." He chewed one corner of his mouth for a moment, then laughed uproariously. "But that is a secret!" he said.

This business of partially committing

himself, then changing his mind is typical. The laughter, too, is typical. He booms, he roars, he squints his eyes, throws back his head and ho-hos. A laudable secret ambition would be to assemble George Sanders and Alan Hale in the same room some day and have Bob Hope tell them jokes. *That* would be a shout heard 'round the world.

Clandestinely, George is working on something spectacular in the ski line. The skis he has in mind, and on paper but not perfected in the workroom yet, are constructed according to a new theory. George's innovation may change skiing as much as the outboard motor changed canoeing, but when pressed for details, George looked pleasant, but mum. "It's all a secret yet. I'll tell you about it later—when I've proved my theory," was the not unexpected Sanders' repartee.

In addition to secrets and rest, George likes riddles with a slightly intellectual turn. He asked, "How should you punctuate this sentence: 'Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter therefore Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh's son?'" Answer: place a semi-colon in front of "therefore" and place hyphens between "daughter-of-Pharaoh's." Get it?

When you've recovered from that one, try this: How do you punctuate: "There goes a beautiful girl." Answer: (Don't say we didn't warn you) Make a dash after the beautiful girl.

Which is one thing you can't imagine George doing in his most ambitious moment because there are always quite a few beautiful girls lurking in the immediate vicinity and hoping to be noticed by one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. Whatever it is that gets 'em—George has it. And that's no secret.

Judy Canova's Advice to Homely (?) Girls

Continued from page 33

Maybe there is a certain something in the voice that is intriguing. Or else her demeanor is distinctive and charming. Or perhaps she wears her clothes well, or converses interestingly and intelligently. So I say—look for the one thing about you that is attractive and bring it to the front.

That doesn't mean to talk like a drunken canary if you are a good conversationalist, for instance. Nothing is more deadening than idle chatter. Talk when you have something to say and when you haven't, just listen. And if your voice has a nice quality, I don't mean that you should become vowel-conscious and roll your R's. You'd become a stereotype then. I simply mean that you should use your one good quality with discretion and without obvious emphasis. Then you are capitalizing and not existing solely on that one prominent characteristic.

If you need a good example of the sense of this advice, take Mrs. Roosevelt. In her book she openly stated that she was shy and self-conscious because of her looks. She also knew that her voice wasn't especially melodic. But there was a great charm about her and a capacity for action. Few people think of her now as unattractive. To most, she is an outstanding example of a woman who has made her life mean something because of her one outstanding characteristic—her interest in humanity and her completely democratic viewpoint.

In final analysis, then, personality is nothing but an unconscious projection of a person's real self, and regardless of looks, the finer points will emerge. A girl must be humane and kind above all else, however, for without these qualities everything else is of no importance.

When an unattractive girl is stressing her personality, she must be careful not to become one of the Personality Plus types. Usually, at least it has been my experience, such a person is only stressing a veneer, and it isn't long before that veneer wears on you and becomes obvious. Again—use discretion.

There are undoubtedly many unattractive girls who are married and faced with the problem of holding their husband whose

attention is momentarily disturbed by some glamorous vision. They wonder how their love can be retained, how their home can be saved. Perhaps they have always wondered how long they could keep their happiness, and what they would do when their husbands became tired of their personality.

They live with a fear hanging over their heads and hearts. This results in stifling their natural charm, their poise.

I have seen this very thing happen several times. I had a friend who came to me recently and said, "Judy, what am I to do? My husband doesn't care for me any more. He has even said that I've never been beautiful."

Naturally, this hurts any girl who has the misfortune to be continually conscious of her lack of beauty, but her problem is no different from that of the beautiful woman who is faced with the same thing. Men are changeable creatures. They seem to need constant diversion. It's up to the woman, then, to see that that diversion doesn't go too far.

In the case of an unattractive girl, my advice is to take a good look at herself. Maybe marriage has made her careless of her appearance. Maybe she has thought it unnecessary to project the quality that her husband once admired. Or maybe she has projected it too much. She should be able to find where she is wrong. The one thing she must never do, though, is to weep on her husband's shoulder and tell him that she knows she has never been beautiful. She must never become overpoweringly affectionate. This is the time for independence and sanity. If the man must have his fling, let him have it. If there's any real love in the home, he'll come back and be even more in love with his wife. If he's just a diversion seeker, then the girl is better off.

But why should unattractive girls feel that such a possible break-up of the home is the inevitable fate in store for her? Why doesn't she look at the really beautiful women who find their husbands attracted by unattractive women? That one thing should convince them that the fault does not lie in their appearances. Men get just as tired of looking at a waxen doll as they do at a girl whose nose is off the bias or whose mouth resembles the Grand Canyon. I've found out that the "unattractive" girls hold on to their husbands much longer than the glamor girls do. For one thing, they don't have to spend so much time worrying about facial rejuvenation. They can devote their time to maintaining a real home, and that is the first requisite of any man. Take a look at your neighbors and see which wives make the happiest homes. I think you'll find that I'm right when you see for yourself.

No, your husband isn't leaving you because you aren't a Hedy Lamarr. He's tiring of you because of a change within you. He found you *attractive* once, so you have done something to make him think of you as *unattractive*. That's the peculiar contradiction of unattractive girls' marriages.

Naturally, every plain girl isn't thinking solely of marriage. She may be the career type who doesn't think that men are of the utmost importance. But she takes a good look at herself and says, "Now how can I get any place with this mugg?"

Certainly beauty is important in some fields in both the theater and in the movies. But it isn't the *only* requisite. Talent and determination can get a girl just as far.

My brother and sister and I made up our minds to get some place in the entertainment world in spite of our rather unassum-

ing appearances. But to get on top, we knew we had to capitalize on the fact that we weren't the answer to every maiden's and romeo's dream.

We started out by singing hillbilly songs because we felt that such an act was the best way we could introduce ourselves. We got our first job singing "corn." When we went on the radio we were still singing "corn" and screwing our faces up to make us look really unattractive. And ever since I have worked in pictures, I have stressed my own peculiar qualities. In "Sis Hopkins," for example, I was the exact personification of a girl who was both unattractive and uneducated. But in that character, you could see the appeal that such a girl really has. The mere fact that "Sis Hopkins" has remained an entertainment favorite for so many years is conclusive proof that the public is sympathetic to a character like that.

No matter what you may read to the contrary, Hollywood isn't *all* glamor. There are a lot of unattractive people who have hit the top and who are still lending valuable support for the boys and girls with oomph.

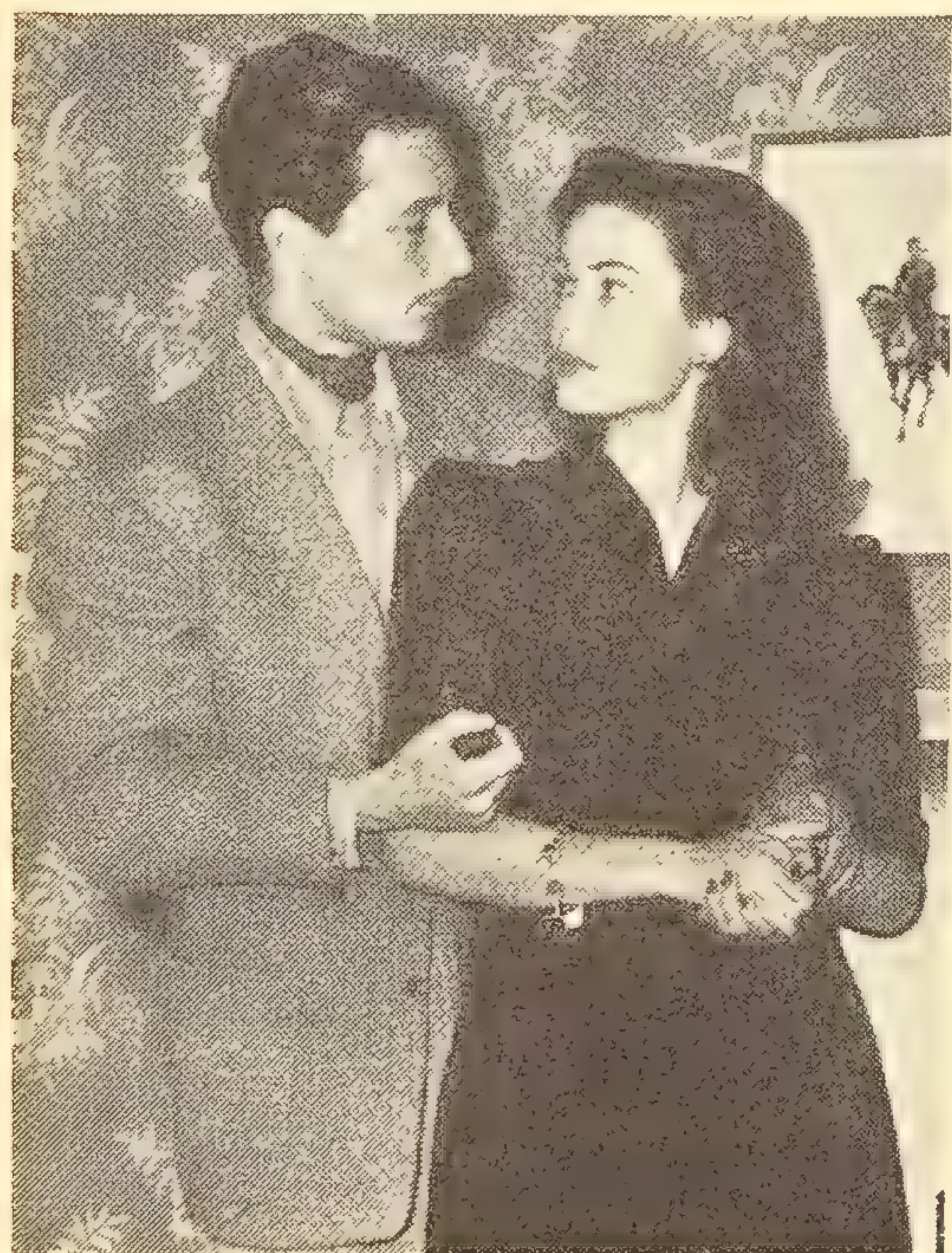
If you aren't terribly good-looking, there's no reason to worry. If you think you have talent for acting, whether it's comedy, drama, or singing, pick out your one feature and capitalize on it. In a career, then, the same rule applies as it does to romance and happiness. If your face is plain enough to be used for laughs, then by all means use it for all it's worth. Make it downright ugly if you have to, for the funniest looking people have been our finest comedians and often our finest actors. If you have a voice that is adaptable to an individual type of singing, concentrate on the voice and the public will forget everything else about you.

But, above all, if you're career-minded, don't let anyone tell you that you're not attractive enough to click. Take every break, good or bad, and keep plugging away. You may have a harder time getting a chance than a platinum blonde with a Venus figure, but the chances are ten to one that you'll last a lot longer once you get your break. And don't forget that every glamorous figure in the entertainment world today had a pretty hard time getting her first break too.

After you have made your first impression, don't think that you can afford to change your type. Some actresses in Hollywood have tried to become glamorous when glamor was as phoney with them as it would be for me to play a love scene with Tyrone Power. No unattractive person can capitalize on her weak points any more than an attractive character can try to make herself look funny by turning into a facial contortionist.

Here I've been talking about unattractive people, and yet I have never seen what you might call a really unattractive person! After I have known anyone who, on the surface, looked very plain, I have found qualities that I have admired. From then on, they were not in the least unappealing. And yet, on the other hand, I have met some very beautiful girls, and after I have known them for a while I have considered them, because of certain characteristics, the most unattractive persons I have ever known.

So—for my last advice—remember the old saying if you wish comfort: "Beauty is only skin deep." It's the beauty within any girl that means more than the beauty without.



Count and Countess Oleg Cassini, above. It's little Gene Tierney after her surprise elopement with the nobleman. Best wishes!

Alexander Korda Productions announces a last-minute title change in the film starring Merle Oberon and Joseph Cotten—*roto* photos pages 38-39—from "Illusions" to "Lydia."

Geraldine Spreckels

—skin like a rose pearl!



EVERYWHERE SHE GOES ADMIRING EYES OPEN WIDE AT HER SLIM, YOUNG BEAUTY... HER GLAMOROUS COMPLEXION!

Golden Girl of the Golden West

Give YOUR skin HER Glamour Care

Swing into the glamour routine lovely Geraldine Spreckels adores! Whisk through this brisk little Pond's Beauty Ritual every night—and for daytime pick-me-ups. Help make your skin look fresh and sweet as a rain-washed rosebud!



Lovely clean!

Slather Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. Pat it in for all you're worth! Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with *more* Cold Cream, to soften again, and slick off every trace of dirt and old make-up. Happy note! Little "dry" lines show less—pores seem smaller!

A good big splash next, of Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener.

Extra special now—the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your clean, glowing face. Wipe off after one full minute. A smooth, smooth performance! The mask zips off little roughnesses—gives your skin a caressably soft feel—a lovely mat finish! Now—a fluff of your powder puff! You're glamorous as a dream girl!



Glamorizing
1-Minute Mask



SHE'S infatuated with life, and infinitely lovely—this madcap California heiress, Geraldine Spreckels. Red-gold hair and gold-flecked eyes are precious accents to her soft, luminous, exquisite skin.

The care of her lovely, clear complexion is not left to chance. She follows the simple Pond's Beauty Ritual every day.

CLIP this Beauty Coupon
for your Pond's Ritual Kit

POND'S, Dept. 75—CVH,
Clinton, Conn.

I'm keen to start Geraldine Spreckels' glamour care. Please send right off Pond's Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's especially soft Cold Cream, Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream for the glamorizing 1-Minute Mask. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

(Offer good in U.S. only)

WELL, my friends and fellow members of SCREENLAND's "guess the ending club," have you figured it out yet and decided who was the lucky boy who held Janie in the last clinch?

Was Dick your guess, wealthy, glamorous Dick with all his father's millions and that cute trick of a mustache besides?

Was it Tom, good old plodding, go-getter Tom whom a girl could depend on even if he wasn't as exciting as the men Janie thrilled to in the movies?

Was it gay, devil-may-care Harry who didn't believe in ambition because he believed so much in fun instead, Harry who would probably never have anything in his pocket except a couple of overdue bills to rub against each other but who would always have a laugh ready when a girl needed it most?

Or was it the butler, the way it sometimes is in mystery yarns?

Anyway, here's the last cue, positively the last one. It turned out to be a happy ending for every last Tom, Dick and Harry and Janie. And this is how it happened:

Remember how we left Janie just starting to walk down the stairs still undecided which one of those three men she was going to tie her heart to? The tantalizing smells of Mom's good breakfast drifted up to her as she walked slowly down with her knees shaking and her smile trembling. But for once Janie wasn't interested in coffee or sausages or griddle cakes. She had to decide her whole future then and there.

Then suddenly she knew as she saw them all lined up waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs.

"Tom," she said quickly, before she'd have a chance to change her mind again. "You're a wonderful fella and any girl would be lucky to get you. But we're not right for each other. You oughta marry the boss' daughter." But she couldn't bear to look at his chagrined face and so she turned to Harry. "You're one of the most interesting fellas I ever met, Harry, and one of the nicest, too. But you're crazy. So," she held out her hand to him and tried not to notice how warm and cozy his felt closing around hers like that, "awfully glad to have met you."

Then she turned to Dick but she found she couldn't look at him either, with her heart pounding like that.

"We don't move in the same circles, Dick," she said hesitantly. "But you're what I've been dreaming about all my life and if you still want me, I'll be awfully glad to be Mrs. Richard Hamilton, Jr."

She was in Dick's arms then and Pop and Mom and her little sister Babs were running around in circles they were so excited and then Dick decided they were going to get married right away and so Babs went dashing upstairs for Janie's coat and Mom got out her best handkerchief which she'd luckily ironed the day before, because happy brides have to have something to cry into.

But it was funny the way Janie felt as if she wasn't really feeling anything at all and for a girl who loved to dream things the way she did and make up exciting happenings it certainly was queer that she couldn't work up more emotion about her wedding day, especially when it was turning out the way she had pictured it in the wildest of her fancies and she was marrying not only a millionaire but a handsome one at that.

They all went out to Dick's car with them, the mile long, foreign, special body car with the double talk name and then Janie kissed Mom and Pop and Babs goodbye and shook hands with Tom who was congratulating them and wishing them happiness. It was Harry's turn then, Harry who wasn't laughing for probably the first

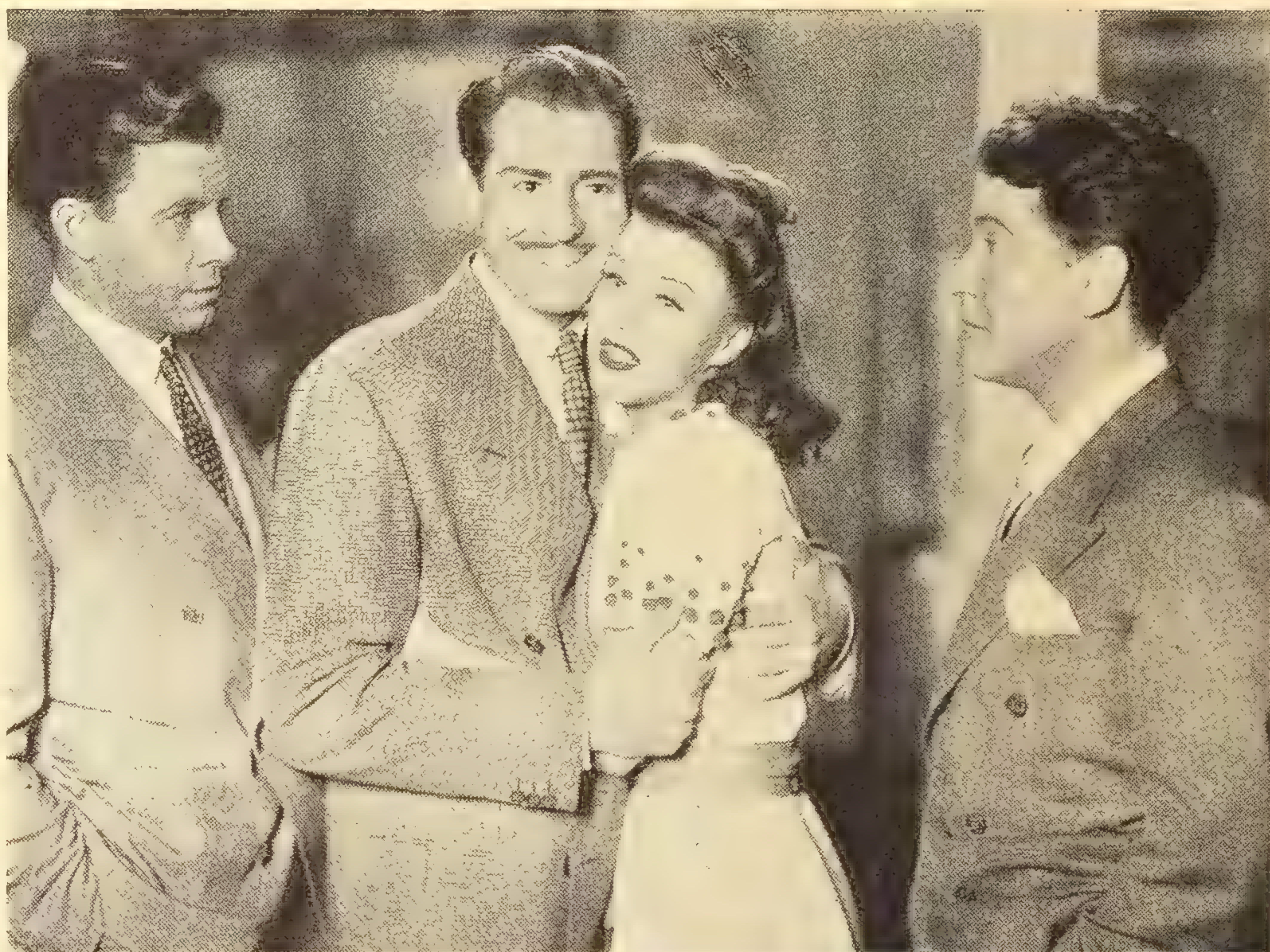
"Tom, Dick and Harry"

Conclusion of fictionization
By Elizabeth B. Petersen

RKO-Radio Picture. Produced by Robert Sisk. Directed by Garson Kanin. Original story and screenplay by Paul Jarrico. With the following cast:

JanieGinger Rogers
TomGeorge Murphy
HarryBurgess Meredith
DickAlan Marshal

Who's the lucky groom? HARRY (Burgess Meredith), right, tells JANIE he's the best man for her. A girl, JANIE, and the three irresistible beaus in her life, center: TOM (George Murphy), DICK (Alan Marshal) and HARRY. This, bottom, is how JANIE fancied she would look in her bridal finery, with HARRY as the lucky man. Was he?



time in his life.

"Congratulations, fella," he said to Dick. "I think she's making a big mistake." Then he turned to Janie. "Bye, Janie," he said.

It was really outrageous then the way he suddenly turned to her and pulled her in his arms and when his lips closed on hers the strangest thing happened just the way the mechanical gypsy fortune teller had predicted it would when she kissed the man she loved, the way it had been when Harry had kissed her for the first time that night he had brought her home after that outrageously hilarious evening with him. For bells began to ring, sounding as if they were clamoring up there in the sky. Of course she had to make sure she wasn't just hearing things so she had to kiss Harry again, a longer kiss this time and now the bells clanged in a contagion of ecstasy.

Still maybe it wasn't fair, taking the bells on snap judgment like that. Maybe it was just a good day for bells. Janie had to be cautious about it and so she turned to Dick and kissed him but there wasn't a single bell. Then just as an insurance, an extra precaution that she wasn't making a





SCREEN STARS KNOW
A THING OR TWO!
LUX SOAP MAKES A
WONDERFUL **BEAUTY**
BATH—LEAVES
SKIN **SWEET**



LUX SOAP MAKES
ME **SURE** OF DAININESS,
AND EVERY GIRL KNOWS
THAT'S IMPORTANT!

THEY'RE THRILLED with HOLLYWOOD'S BEAUTY BATH!



"Such a delightful way to make sure of daintiness!"
screen stars say. And women everywhere agree.
Lux Toilet Soap's creamy lather caresses the
skin so gently, carries away perspiration, every
trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really
smooth—sweet.

You want the charm of skin that's sweet,
appealing! Take Hollywood's tip! Use this gentle
white soap for a luxuri-
ous daily beauty bath.
You'll love the rich,
creamy lather. You'll
love the delicate, cling-
ing fragrance Lux Toilet
Soap leaves on your skin!

NO SMART GIRL
NEGLECTS **DAININESS**.
A DAILY **LUX SOAP**
BEAUTY BATH MAKES
YOU **SURE**!

**DOROTHY
LAMOUR**

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

"Is There Really SWIM-PROOF, RUN-PROOF, SMEAR-PROOF

Make-Up?"



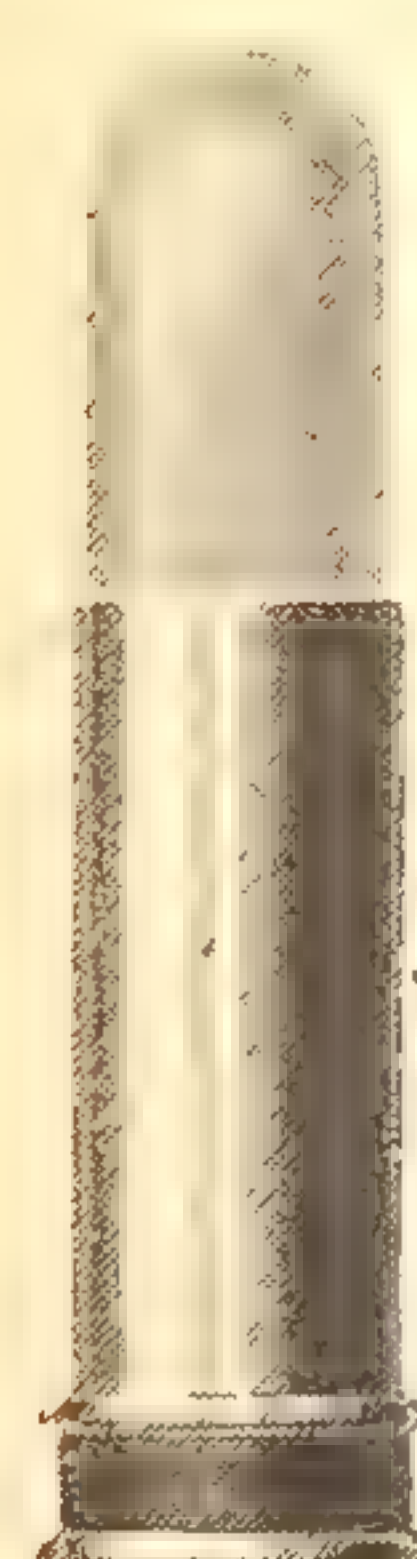
"My Dear, that Tangee Natural just stays on like mad! You can swim all day and it lasts and lasts. Besides Tangee Natural gives the lads a new slant on you. All Winter you've been a glamour girl...overnight Tangee Natural makes you the gal of the great outdoors."



"Another Thing. Tangee Natural Lipstick and the matching Creme Rouge refuse to melt and run when it's so hot you literally feel like *expiring*. You come in off the course, peek in the mirror, and there you are...beautiful. Your make-up is perfect...and so *natural* looking."



"Remember how perspiration used to smear your make-up? Well, not anymore! Tangee Natural Lipstick and that wonderful Creme Rouge have the Indian sign on that too—and both have the famous Tangee color change principle."



TANGEE

Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ Tan

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ SU81

mistake she kissed Harry again and bong, there was that beautiful bell again.

"Goodbye, Dick," she said then. "I'll write you a letter."

And then there was her hand hugged tight in Harry's as they made a dash for his ramshackle old motorcycle, and there was Janie who could have been riding off in that magnificent car sitting on the seat behind Harry, her arms holding on to him and the bells ringing again as her lips pressed recklessly against his hair.

So it did end happily for all of them for even then Tom knew that thinking about Janie had really been a distraction and now that he couldn't think about her anymore he could turn all his thoughts to business and be a success. And success was the

thing Tom loved best in the world.

Dick was a bit taken aback of course but at the same time he felt that in some miraculous way he had escaped something. For Dick was a playboy at heart and there were so many beautiful girls in the world to play with but how could he get around to all of them if he married Janie?

And of course Harry was happy, in the only way he ever could be happy, marrying Janie. For Harry had dedicated his life to having fun and certainly there couldn't be any fun without the girl he loved. As for Janie, she felt as if her heart was standing on tiptoe and that she was holding every dream she'd ever dreamed all tied up with hearts and flowers and a great big pink satin bow in her arms.

Claudette Colbert Selects Her Contest Winner!

Continued from page 27

many receptions and banquets (that's pressure at its best) and I have often noticed that the minute women join a group they become shrill, affected, and ill at ease. They're just about as natural as a studio snow storm.

I have found that the only charming women at parties are those who continue to be natural no matter how hectic the stress and strain. Those are the women to whom you are definitely attracted. You will find them surrounded by men.

Of course, when you are in a group it is so much easier to be conventional—to be just like everybody else—and indulge in all the silly chitchat. The social niceties, unfortunately, are so very often false. When you join the group you immediately lose all your naturalness—and your charm goes out like a light. But at every party you will find a woman who does not merge her personality with that of the others. She may not be the most popular woman there, but you will notice that the people around her are having an amusing and interesting time, that she has led each person to expressing his own views.

To do this, of course, you must have assurance. The way I see it, the acquiring of assurance comes from a confidence in one's self.

As assurance is one of the requisites of charm let's see what you do to go about acquiring it then. Appearance, as you probably know, is of the utmost importance. Rare, indeed, even more rare than hen's teeth, is the person who despite a sloppy and distasteful appearance is considered charming. When you enter a room people will find you to be either attractive or unattractive before you even speak. A well-dressed person can surmount many obstacles that otherwise must be overcome with much effort. In business life and social life that "first impression" is very important. You may have a vibrant personality and more charm than you know what to do with, but if you appear dowdy and frumpy a lot of people are going thumbs down on you before you've had a chance to say how-do-you-do.

Like the proverbial small sister, clothes have a way of telling on you. They tell your personal taste. They tell your character. They tell what you are striving for. If your clothes are "gossiping" about you it might be a good idea to look in your closet and check on the care you are giving them. Is every button on? Are the hems straight? Are those annoying spots removed? Are the collars freshly laundered?

You are guilty of a gross mistake, and you are definitely unkind to yourself if you buy a dress that you know will be

worn by many other women. If circumstances force you to do it, make that dress your own. Don't be a carbon copy. Don't submerge your personality. You know your type. If you have a dress like everybody else's add a collar, a scarf, a necklace, a clip to it. Give it your personal "touch." Make that dress distinctive—or don't bother to buy it.

I know of a woman who is considered one of the most charming and best dressed women in the world. She has evolved her own fashion, and I defy anyone to tell you exactly what she is wearing. Her personality and her charm are expressed by her clothes. Yet she has taken Dame Fashion and made her set off herself personally. She doesn't allow the current fashion to be expressed through her. Her dresses are simple, almost what you call the "shirtmaker" type. She has found what her proper skirt length is, and has stayed with it year after year. Her sports clothes and dinner gowns are made of the finest materials, and they last. Her hair is always done in a simple fashion, and her hats are becoming, and never freakish. You look at her, rather than her clothes. She has found the perfect costume for herself, and wears it as a setting for her personality.

Also of great importance in acquiring assurance is grooming. If you are well groomed you are not self-conscious about your appearance. There's nothing like that awful feeling of being not "quite right."

All of these things are a means to an



Here's a peek at only two of the principals of the "Skylark" cast—Brian Aherne and Claudette Colbert. This fascinating story will be fictionized for you in an early issue.

end. You can beat anyone to the draw if you take these things into consideration before you venture out. Your mind will be free to meet the immediate problems of the outside world. It is a formula that works every time. Perhaps you will fail a number of times, but in the end you will be successful, and the result means a happy and tranquil mind.

Now that the stage is set, we come to the deeper part of the elusive charm. The mind. The mind encompasses everything that comes after people have formed their first impression of you as you enter the room. Consideration and courtesy are the first requisites in appealing to people. A charming person does not immediately take the center of the stage. She has, however, the ability to fit into a situation. Take time off to do a little thinking before you go to a party, or to meet friends—think what they have been doing during the day, and what their problems have been. If they have been pleasant, and will fit into the conversation, bring them up. This bit of courtesy will please your hostess or host tremendously.

Make the effort to be interested in everyone about you. Soon you will find that they are more than interested in *you*. With very little effort on your part you can fit into a situation, and you certainly owe it to yourself, not to mention your hostess, to be informed. If the people at the party are interested in books, discuss them intelligently, if you have read them. If you haven't read them, ask questions that will inform you, and help you to join in the general conversation.

Don't shut your mind to subjects. Perhaps you are wrong. Always take the trouble to learn both sides of an argument. It will make you a more intelligent person.

But above all—be yourself. But be the "yourself" that you have worked out and know to be the best you can be. Sit down and take mental stock of yourself. Be charming in your own home, in your own surroundings. Be interested in everyone and everything about you. I find that many of us are passing by each day many things of interest, simply because they are every day parts of our lives and thus have escaped our notice. It takes small things to make up a large full life, and the girl who is dissatisfied with herself in her present surroundings is missing her best bet. Either you take advantage of your surroundings, or they will take advantage of you. Your purpose is then defeated.

Be genuine and be simple. You will find that the greatest and most fascinating people in any walk of life are really very simple. What they know they know well. What they don't know they readily admit. A genuine person is always the charming one, the one with that intangible something called fascination. They are free of all affectation, and with their simple direct approach they bring out a trustfulness in everyone who meets them. It isn't a trick and it is as refreshing as a summer breeze. Believe me, they are worth emulating.

This has been more than interesting. Mae, and I thank you for your charming and interesting letter. I think any girl who can be as frank as you were in the letter has all of the attributes of charm, and much more. Good luck to you!

Make a special memo NOW to watch for September SCREENLAND! We will present the 4th winner in our 6-Star Contest, selected by the ever lovely Irene Dunne.

Watch your Step



Jean Seton of Arthur Murray's Fifth Avenue Studio, exquisite, fairy-like in her dancing, is the personification of daintiness.

ARTHUR MURRAY'S famous dancing teachers never miss a beat—in rhythm or in daintiness! Their living depends on *perfection*—that's why they love Odorono Cream. They can depend on it to guard against underarm odor and dampness. They smooth it on while dressing—remain flower-fresh till the studio closes at night.

Your day may not be so strenuous—but you'll value Odorono Cream just as highly. It checks perspiration safely 1 to 3 days. Non-gritty, smooth as satin . . . non-greasy, harmless to fabrics. And—blessed thought!—it's *non-irritating*, can be used *right after shaving*! Try it and you'll agree with Arthur Murray girls on its superiority. Generous 10¢, 35¢ and 50¢ sizes at your favorite cosmetic counter.

THE ODORONO CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Odorono Cream gives you
50% TO 100% MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY

Other
Creams

ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—REGULAR AND INSTANT



Kaye Hanlon faces grilling Kansas City heat with serene confidence in her daintiness.



Moya Teague, English-born charmer, keeps that band-box freshness lesson after lesson.

1 FULL OZ. JAR—ONLY 35¢



Yours for Loveliness

Fresh fields of clover, a rose tint to your skin and cooling, refreshing thoughts for you all over!



1. Above, is a new foursome by Irresistible in Pink Rose, practically guaranteed to make you look irresistible. By all means look at this new tone, for it is flattering and beautiful. Be sure to try the powder foundation. It will do much aside from holding make-up for hours; it will help conceal minor blemishes, make little lines less noticeable, accent skin tone and smooth the general appearance. A good foundation is one secret of a good make-up. Irresistible gives you, also, powder, a divine lipstick and rouge.

2. If "Summer hair"—lank, lustreless or straw-dry—is your problem, the Golden Glint products to your rescue! There is Golden Glint Shampoo soap, made with gentle oils, for a creamy lather even in hard water. Vacationists, please note. And Golden Glint rinses, in six shades, with an ingredient called radien, which does important things for you. Among them are rinsing away every bit of soap-film; leaving your hair soft, silky, easy to arrange; bringing out a lovely brightness and an enviable sparkle and youthful looking gloss.

3. For the girls with the pompadours, rolls and curls, so beautiful when freshly done, so hopeless when they begin to slip and slide, here's big news! The new Grip-Tuth hair retainers actually hold your hair in place. Not combs, but real retainers, gripping gently but surely, because of the special design of the split tooth. The larger is wonderful for pompadours; the smaller do a real side job, but you need all three. In tones of shell, amber, pearl or crystal, they are a coiffure accent as well as an aid. Coiffure savers!



4. We know that many a compliment goes to the Tangee beauty accented face. For the entire Tangee ensemble, recently repackaged, is coordinated to blend into a harmony of tone on your face, changing to your individual beauty of tone. And it is fascinating to watch this almost chameleon quality. The very blonde and the grey-haired are particularly enhanced by this type of make-up, for they need subtle tones for their fragile beauty. To these, especially, do the Tangee lipstick and creme or dry rouge give a rare rose-blush radiance.

5. You often pay for your play in Summer if you disregard the sun. Then Tropical Sunburn Spray for you on such occasions. This is a fresh-smelling lotion with its own spray, so hands need never touch sensitive skin. Just spray it on; even the impatient won't mind. This cooling spray will soothe sunburn, superficial burns or scalds, chapped skin and venomous insect bites. A good preparation to keep at hand, and a "must" for that vacation bag. It is easy to carry and will save many an hour of needless discomfort for outdoor and sun lovers.



6. If you have ever smelled a field of clover at the twilight of a warm Summer's day, then you will have some idea of the sweetness captured in the vial within our flower pot. It's Hudson's Yanky Clover perfume. It is touchingly lovely, the cool freshness of open clover fields, plus a dash of what it takes for male admiration. The container makes it a precious bridge prize, small gift, or, better, gift for yourself. It is very reasonably priced. And the matching toilet water, with or without atomizer, also puts you in clover. C.M.

Beauty Sermon on the Sun

Continued from page 55

hair to the sun; exposure dries my hair and bleaches the ends. I always keep my hair covered when in the sun."

Many of us forget that hair burns as readily as skin. And for soft, silky hair in Autumn, remember Joan Crawford's words at this season.

"Have you a special make-up for Summer?"

"I don't use make-up in the Summer, aside from lipstick and mascara. I don't use a foundation or powder in Summer. I'd advise the girls who use powder at this season to save their money by not buying large boxes. Buy small boxes in the various deeper tones. Your skin grows darker each week, if you go in for suntan. With a number of deepening shades, you're sure to have the right tone as you need it."

The face *au naturel* in Summer is charming for you, Miss Crawford. But there, you are certainly in the minority. We, the people, find our warm weather salvation in the correct foundation and face powder. The foundation today is a masterpiece, in cream, liquid, cake or film form. For heavy skin, inclined to oiliness, I suggest the liquid foundation or the cake form; for fine skin, a gentle touch of the film or cream. Don't over-use any of these preparations. You need very little.

There are too many highly pleasing face-powders to elaborate on them. But you need to be more careful of tone now than ever.

"What types of perfume do you like in warm weather?"

"With sports clothes, I prefer men's perfumes, eaux de Cologne and toilet water. These give me a soapy, clean feeling and their scent is so fresh. For dress-up, if I'm going to a tea in the afternoon or something of that sort, I like a certain import, still available in this country, very reminiscent of the tangy sweetness of fine leather. For evening, I like something sophisticated, that spreads an aura of anticipation and joy. My favorite, another import, is still available."

"Have you a special Joan Crawford beauty message for SCREENLAND readers?"

"Yes! I'd like to beg girls never to shave their legs! You know, most girls borrow a brother's razor and do their leg grooming with it. They really shouldn't. Instead, do use a cream or wax base depilatory. Either will do a much cleaner, deeper and softer job than a razor. Hair will grow back much more slowly, and these preparations eliminate that horrible, bristly surface that develops so shortly after using a razor."

Well, that is certainly to the point! And this department puts a great big O. K. on this thought.

Since this is a Summer story, perhaps Bach belongs here. Bach was a Dachshund, a low-down, "bureau" dog. He was a puppy when I knew him, with a beautiful, sleek, auburn coat, and limpid, velvet eyes. Beautiful but dumb. He was a present to a friend's little girl named Joan, after Joan Crawford. Miss Crawford felt that Bach was just the companion for a very little girl. She chose him because of his gentle disposition and funny, merry ways. Everybody loved him, and I can still see him scenting out imaginary enemies in the grass and running to beat all when a beetle suddenly confronted him. There is a general feeling that when people like dogs and children they are very regular people. Apparently, Joan likes both and thinks the two go together—puppies and children.

Tyrone Power's New "Blitz-Kiss" Technique!

Continued from page 23

it. And when he tangoes with siren Rita Hayworth, and gives her *that* look, why I'm telling you—he simply sizzles. Except for the weather, Ty Power is the hottest thing in Hollywood.

But something's wrong somewhere. This isn't as it should be. Tyrone Power is a married man. Last April he celebrated his second wedding anniversary, the cotton one. (Annabella was deluged with cotton stockings.) And there's an unwritten law, or a general understanding, or something, in Hollywood that a handsome young romantic actor loses his romantic appeal to his fans when he takes on a "little woman." It's all right for tough guys like Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Humphrey Bogart to acquire brides, but for the dreamy boys with the melting eyes—no.

This is a hangover from the old days when the matinée idol was in vogue. The ladies used to jam the theaters on Wednesday afternoon and moon and sigh and pant and pretend that they were in the manly arms of their hero. The press agents glamorized everything about the matinée idol, except his wife and children, who were shoved as far in the background as possible. "Women just don't like to imagine themselves making love with a guy who has a wife and kids," the press agents said. "Women are funny that way."

Right or wrong, producers still firmly believe that "women are funny that way." They do not think that fans go to the movies for mental enjoyment. (Do you?) They're in the business for the money, as who isn't, and their best investment is a dreamy-eyed romantic young actor with plenty of sex appeal—and *no wife*. You can't blame them for doing all they can to protect their investment.

People who think that producers are all wet argue that marriage did not harm the career of Robert Taylor (the producers would gladly have boiled Barbara Stanwyck in oil for marrying their pet glamor boy) nor that of Clark Gable (when Carole married Box Office Number One she got plenty of dirty looks from the "front office.") But the answer to that argument is that both Carole and Barbara were important stars, glamor girls themselves, so that took the curse off their marriages.

Most of Hollywood shares this belief of the producers. Many a young actor has done a fancy bit of side-stepping to avoid the altar, many a girl has had her heart broken because her boy friend chose career in favor of marriage, on the advice of his bosses. The general feeling regarding the marriage of a popular star was rather aptly expressed by Linda Darnell the other day. I teasingly asked her if she planned to marry Mickey Rooney.

"Oh, Mickey can't marry," she said. "It would ruin his career. Imagine *Andy Hardy* married! I can marry all right, it wouldn't hurt my career, but Mick can't."

Yes, it's generally accepted that marriage blitzes your career—if you're a young and attractive leading man. How then can Tyrone Power continue to be so romantically exciting to his feminine public after two years of marriage? And not only to his fans, but to the leading women who know him best, who know him at his worst, his leading ladies, his co-stars? According to the rules Ty should be a nice young actor now—like Don Ameche and Fred MacMurray with no more oomph than a dead pigeon. And here he is the hottest thing in town!

BRIGHT YOU ARE, JOAN!



JOAN BLONDELL

Star of Columbia Pictures

says "One of the BIG little things movie life teaches you is to keep your teeth spic and spruce . . . yes, I'm another Calox user!"



NO ART CRITIC NEEDED to point out how Joan's flashing smile perks up her pretty face. She's lucky to have good teeth, but her "beauty polish" anyone can use . . . it's Calox Tooth Powder, famous for its 5-way cleansing.



STARS ARE ONLY HUMAN . . . they like to use things they like, just as the rest of us do. The pleasant, refreshing flavor of Calox makes it a joy to use, keeps your daily brushings from being just a tedious chore. You'll *like* Calox!



CALOX HELPS TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. **CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS.** A real *beauty* tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!
2. **EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH** because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.
3. **FRESH-TASTING**—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Just to be sure I was right about this I checked with the fan mail department at the Twentieth Century studio and learned from genial Bill Gallagher that Ty's fan mail has actually increased since his marriage (oh boy, just wait until "Blood and Sand" is generally released, and watch it then!) and that a great part of it lately has come from women, from fourteen to forty, who are apologizing for having written him bitter letters after his marriage to Annabella. Seems that quite a few of his fans took his marriage pretty hard—but during this past year they have all been coming back, with apologies.

In 1938, before he married, Ty was tenth on the Motion Picture Herald's popularity-at-the-box-office list. In 1940, after he married, he was fifth. This year, it's rumored, he will ease Monsieur Rooney right out of that enviable Number One position.

Strangely enough, men who usually can't bear the stars who offer them competition (and get their revenge by calling them "pretty boy" and "silly jerk") like Tyrone Power. Why? I asked several guys I know who gather at the stables on Sunday morning. "He's no sissy," said one, "he's got something on the ball." Said the other, "Well, most of those celluloid cuties are just plain ham. But Power's whammy, without being hammy, if you know what I mean."

When Ty Power married in April, 1939, the producers' groans could be heard from here to the Stork Club. They had to be revived with smelling salts and double brandies. "Well," Hollywood said around the oyster bar at the old Trocadero, "there's another promising career shot to hell. The girls won't go for him if he's married. Look what happened to-----!"

Ty has defied all the accepted conventions. He didn't do any of the things that young actors do who get married against their studio's wishes. He did not hide "the little woman" in the background. He took her every place, proud as a peacock. When the photographers gathered around them at night clubs and previews with their candid cameras, Ty didn't snarl and order them away (it has been done.) Unlike the Gables and the Taylors he had the lens boys come right into his new home (none of that "my home is private" bunk) and take

pictures for the newspapers and magazines of the Powers romping all over the place. The studio didn't approve. But that didn't stop Ty. He loved Annabella, and he wanted everybody else to love her. He freely gave interviews about Annabella, and encouraged Annabella to give them about him. *Very* unlike the Gables and the Taylors, who still refuse to talk about each other. The studio publicity departments did not "arrange" these interviews for Ty and Annabella—Ty arranged them himself. He was very pleased to be married to Annabella—and nuts to studio policies.

Though it looked on in disapproving silence when Ty first married, Twentieth Century-Fox gradually learned that marriage wasn't hurting their romantic young leading man at all. They think it is perfectly all right now for Ty and Annabella to discuss their marriage, in fact they're rather delighted about it. And several months ago some beautiful kodachromes taken of Ty and Annabella shortly after their marriage, and then suppressed, were pulled out of a drawer and released to the magazines—with the blessings of Twentieth Century-Fox.

"Well, if by some bit of luck his marriage doesn't hurt his career," the sourpusses said, "his pictures certainly will. He goes right from one to another. The public will get awfully tired of seeing him."

But on the contrary. Ty Power has been in pictures for five years, and has made the startling number of twenty pictures. But he's more popular today than ever.

Yes, he's defied every accepted convention in Hollywood—and he's still the most romantically exciting guy on the screen. Why?

The answer, I decided, might be found by questioning the stars he has worked with. If the glamor girls who work with him week in and week out, under the most nerve-racking and provoking conditions, still think he has romantic appeal, after marriage, then he really must have it, but good. At the hairdresser's I saw Dottie Lamour getting herself all prettied up to attend a Variety Convention at Atlantic City. "Tyrone?" she shrieked under the dryer, "why, he has the most wonderful disposition in the world. I felt so fortunate to be able to appear with him in 'Johnny Apollo' [one of Dottie's best performances,



Flying Cadet Don E. Brown, serious-minded son of comedian Joe E. Brown, has almost completed his Air Corps flight training.

by the way] for he has a knack for getting everyone around him in a good mood. So often on the set there will be some one who causes friction—and you know who I mean—but with Ty around harmony always prevails. He has the most charming personality, and—well, I wish I had met him before he met Annabella! But mind you, I like Annabella. I think she's swell."

On the Twentieth Century-Fox lot I ran into Rita Hayworth who plays the "heavy" in "Blood and Sand," and does a little burning of the celluloid herself. Rita had nothing but raves for Mr. Power. "It is amazing how competent he is. You always think of Tyrone as a very young man and want to make allowances for his acting, but when you see him work out a rôle you realize that he has deep understanding. He is one of the most politely curious men I have ever met. As you know, I am rather shy, but he kept talking to me and suddenly I found myself confiding in him and telling him all my problems. He was very helpful about solving some of them. He seemed very pleased when Annabella came on the set. I met her for the first time and found her very fascinating. His pride in her is one of the nicest things I've seen in the film business. I didn't know him before he married, but he certainly has plenty of romantic appeal now . . ." and Rita sighed, just as you and I sigh when we think of Ty Power. But don't tell Eddie Judson, Rita's husband. No wonder he spent so much time on the set of "Blood and Sand."

I found cute Miss Betty Grable tearing a steak and potatoes in a corner of the commissary. Since going with George Raft Betty passes up salads in favor of steaks. Before I could say anything she said, "I've bought another bowling team. Tyrone sold it to me. (The money goes to British War Relief.) I've got more bowling teams now than I know what to do with, but when Tyrone came to me—well, you just can't resist Tyrone."

Betty is in his new picture, "A Yank in the R.A.F.," and thinks it's the best thing that has happened to her in Hollywood. "Just imagine!" she said dreamily, "playing in a picture with Tyrone Power."

The best authority on Tyrone Power among the stars is little Linda Darnell, who has played in four pictures with him. "I first met him," said Linda in her dressing room, "at the broadcasting station



"Blood and Sand" has given Ty Power a new romantic lease on the screen. Is it marriage that has given him a "new depth?" Anyway, here he is with his lovely Annabella.

where he was appearing on the Woodbury program. It was on my first disastrous trip to Hollywood, when I was fourteen. The publicity people took us there to have our pictures taken with Tyrone. Two days later they told me I was no good and sent me back to Dallas. The most wonderful thing I remembered about Hollywood was Tyrone. I had a school girl crush, all right."

Linda played opposite Tyrone in "Daytime Wife" and readily admits that she fell in love with him. She was fifteen, and it was all very wonderful, except that Tyrone spent the time on the set they weren't working in kidding her, instead of making love to her.

"He's the one," I used to sigh," said Linda with a shy laugh. "I was very upset when I heard he was going to do a picture with Loretta Young. She's so pretty, I thought, and has such a charming manner, she'll grab Tyrone up before I have a chance. I hadn't planned on Annabella!"

The picture Linda referred to was "Suez" in which Loretta Young played the Empress Eugenie with many ruffles and plumes. Also in the picture in the rôle of a gamine with pants rolled to her knees was Annabella. She didn't have any ruffles or plumes, and Linda, watching the sets every day, simply didn't consider her any competition at all. "It was Loretta I worried about," she said.

"He became more romantic to me after he married," she continued later. "Yes, I think he gained in romantic appeal when he married Annabella. Before his marriage he was very brittle and brash. He was very dashing, and had great charm. But he was so restless! Since his marriage he has become more the serious type. Now he has great depth, which he never had before. This depth has made his romantic appeal even greater than it was before. He still

There's no reason to dwell on the modestly-draped bathing suits of yesteryear except to ponder on the delightful changes time has wrought in swim styles. For eloquent contrast, just let your gaze wander (no effort, really) to Frances Neal who, incidentally, is making her debut in RKO's "Lady Scarface."



has all his charm, and he's just as much fun as ever, but he has lost his brittleness. Before he was married he was always flying off at tangents, but now he has his feet firmly on the ground. When I made 'Daytime Wife' with him he was very gay one minute, and very moody the next minute. But now he seems to know what he wants. In 'Blood and Sand' he plays a man who has really lived, and he plays scenes with

great understanding and depth. I'm sure he couldn't have played them two years ago."

Linda isn't the only one of us girls who "hadn't planned on Annabella." But we've all got to admit that *she* has given him this depth, this seriousness, that is making him far more romantically exciting than he ever was before.

So, more power to Power!



Rosemary Lane and Richard Lane, featured in "Time Out For Rhythm" A Columbia Picture.

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Are Hollywood Wives Jealous of Women Stars?

Continued from page 25

movie stars, playing together, do not often fall in love—with one another. That would be comforting if it were true. But it is not very true. I know it is not, because I can always look back to where our romance started, Ty's and mine—on the set of 'Suez.' If it were not for 'Suez,' we might not ever have been The Powerses! And there are many others who fell in love when they worked together, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, Lana Turner and Tony Martin, so many. It is natural to be jealous," said Annabella, "and because you are jealous it does not mean you have not confidence in your husband. It just means *that you are a woman who is in love.*

"There is another thing to cause jealousy, too. Perhaps this is the biggest cause of all: Actors in a picture share the same hope. They hope the scene will be good, they hope the picture will be good, they hope *they* will be good—together. They have, often, a million dollar common interest. They have, often, their futures at stake. It is a bond. And bonds are—dangerous."

So, I found, even the girls who themselves are, or have been, screen stars are not immune to the green-tipped barb. Joan Fontaine Aherne told me. "When I think of Brian making love to a girl on the screen, I try to be *mental* about it, but," she said, clasping her hands over her midriff, "*here* is where I feel it! I'm afraid I feel *elemental* about it!"

Quite a few of the non-pro wives, I found, in the course of my census-taking, stay away from their husbands' studios on the premise that what you don't *see* can't hurt you! My beauty operator, who knows All, tells me that the non-professional

wives of the stars spend more time in beauty parlors than do the stars themselves. They are the ones who have facials two and three times a week, try new hair-dos and new hair-dyes, are exacting, finicky and difficult to please, in the effort, both obvious and a little pathetic, to make themselves as alluring, seductive, and *various* as their husbands' "studio" wives. One wife, whose name I will kindly omit, told the operator that she HAD to have "a new personality every month"—the only way, she said, that she could hope to compete with her glamorous competitors was by being "a new and different personality myself, as often as possible."

Many of the Hollywood wives try to have careers of their own or keep on having careers after they are married (and would be well content to stay at home) because they are afraid their husbands would find them dull and unexciting after being "exposed" to the decidedly undomestic charms of the screen glamor girls. If they can't work in pictures, on the stage or in radio, they open dress shops, interior decorating shops or hat shops in an attempt to have interests of their own, in the hope that they will not be thought of as just The Little Woman. Several of them, and this is completely pathetic, talk a great deal about Improving Their Minds, bustle about Taking Courses, reading The Book of the Month, as if by such means to defy and defeat the Lamour sarongs, Dietrich legs, Turner curves, Lamarr L'amour.

Not all of them admit to being jealous, of course; and also of course, there are those who are NOT jealous. Clark Gable once told me that he thinks it is up to the man, whether a woman is jealous or not. "There is something in a man's eye," Clark said, "which gives a woman reason to know she is safe or reason to suspect almost anything."

Mrs. Dennis Morgan told me, "I really am not jealous. Honestly, that is the truth. I'll admit I don't see how or why I keep from being unless it is that I feel so strong a bond between us, feel that we have so much in common that I just can't believe the bond could be broken or that any other interest could supersede our mutual interests. I used to be jealous, when we were very young and were in college together. Maybe it is just that I have outgrown it, along with other adolescent habits of mind. Not only am I not jealous but it is the truth that I am very thrilled when I see Dennis in love scenes. Maybe I'm not jealous of him then, because—*he always rehearses his love scenes with me.* So, when I watch him making love to Ginger Rogers, Merle Oberon, Priscilla Lane and the others, I'm never surprised, I always know what he is going to do next, I am well aware of the 'technique' he is using—you see, if you have the sure conviction that a man is sharing *everything* with you, there's—well, there's nothing left to be jealous of!"

On the other hand, there is young Mrs. John Hubbard who has been called upon to witness her handsome John in scenes, extremely "intime" with the devastating Carole Landis, etc., and who said, "Jealous? I certainly AM! And I have been for ten years. We've been married only three but our romance dates back to school days. We were seventeen, attending a New Year's Eve Party, when I first got the urge to pull a woman's hair. She commenced flirting with John, this girl, the

moment we entered the room. Of course, he was delighted. You know how men and small boys are, they love flattery. That's one of our worst dangers, by the way, that men *do* love flattery and, when they are in the movies, are flattered so sickeningly and by such experts! Being males, they can't always take it in stride, let's face it! Anyway, that New Year's Eve, there was John eating it up, the brat! I had to fight the situation out by myself and if I do say so, I think I hit then, all inadvertently, on a solution which should be of real help to all wives, especially Hollywood wives who certainly *need* help!

"Here is what happened: My first hunch was to get my hat and go home. But that was giving up too easily. It became a contest between this other girl and myself as to which one of us could hold John's interest the longest. We did everything but turn cartwheels. Finally, I tried to take the floor from her by telling a funny story I'd just heard. By that time, I was so nervous and unhappy, I got all balled up and couldn't remember the point when I got to it. I blushed up to my hairline and tears came into my eyes. And—that was when, inadvertently, as I say, I stumbled on the card that turned the trick! Because *John felt sorry for me.* He felt *so* sorry for me that he spent the rest of the evening telling me that even if I was a flop as a raconteur, I was his favorite girl!"

"It's worked ever since—even now, here in Hollywood, whenever we are anywhere and some woman, or women, make a big play for him, he has his little way of reassuring me that I'm still his favorite girl. He'll wink at me—big—from wherever he happens to be. And he isn't any too careful that the wink isn't obvious to the other woman, or women, which of course concludes matters. Naturally, women pay him a great deal of attention. I'd be sore if they didn't! He's handsome. He has charm. He is an excellent dancer. He has a divine sense of humor. On the other hand, it rankles when women too brazenly make a play for him—it's *then* I use my little tactic of that New Year's Eve and it never fails."

"So, I recommend it, unreservedly: Be The Little Woman. Arouse your husband's protective instinct, his *pity*, if you like—it's our best bet, girls! It is the only force strong enough to combat the other forces of glamor, novelty and emotional appeal to which they are constantly subjected. Remember, now, arouse your husband's sense of protection, and his pity, and not all the glamor girls in Hollywood or anywhere else can prevail against you!"

There's a point of view as ever was, I'd say!

Eloise O'Brien says she used to be plenty jealous of her Irish Pat. The first two or three years in Hollywood, she suffered all the pangs and tried all the "escapes," such as opening a dress shop, considering screen offers and the such; but now, she laughs, she has "outgrown it." She added, "Or maybe it's that after ten years in Hollywood, you get used to anything, you can take anything!"

Furthermore, it is Eloise's belief that it's not of Pat's fellow stars she need be jealous, but of—*his fans!* She told me, "I won't deny I still get a twinge or two, now and then, at a party. It really does get me down when his 'admirers' clamber all over him, hang their arms around his neck, kiss him right before my very eyes, seem to feel that he is Public Property. One such occasion, not long ago, a slithery lady who came to the party with her own husband, by the way, kept sitting on Pat's lap, gazing into his eyes, telling him, 'Oh, I love you, I love you!' I stood it for as long as I could, then I barged in and said 'Let's get this straight—are you in



The wind and the sun and the sky and Kay Leslie makes a picture no artist can paint. Kay and Nature blend magnificently.

with my husband or your own?" That it. I thought Pat would be mad at it, but he wasn't.

"Pat," said Eloise, "as far as being jealous of the girls Pat works with in pictures—no, I doubt if there's a wife in the wood but knows it's only business that each member of the cast is too occupied with his or her own performance to have time to go around falling in love. They just have no time for it, when they're working, even if they are so inclined."

"I have another 'protection,' too," she laughed. "Pat is of a more jealous nature than I am! He spends so much time keeping an eye on me that he really doesn't have time enough—or enough eyes—for anyone else. Marry an Irishman, I'd say, and you want to be able to sit peacefully at home, playing with the children or reading a Good Book!"

Don Ameche told me, "Jealous of me? Quite the contrary. I glory in his popularity and, being of a practical nature, I'm not worrying about it beginning when it ceases. I don't see," Honore continued thoughtfully, "how anyone can be jealous of anyone so general as a career, or of the person or even of the girls he plays with in pictures. If it were one girl, and one picture after picture, that might, possibly, be different. Or if it were one girl and he was alone with her, in an intimate setting in private—but in a huge factory or a studio, no."

It's not for being jealous of Don because he makes love scenes for a living—that would be as silly as if Don had been one of the patients I nursed when I was a professional dietitian. I'll admit that my love for the screen is a bit more romantic than nursing, more glamorous, but a good deal more exciting to the audience, but it's still a profession and I think Don is enough of a professional man

New Yorkers opened their great big arms and hearts to give Dennis Morgan an overwhelming welcome. Dennis "wowed" the customers at the Strand Theater where he made personal appearances simultaneously with the showing of "Affectionately Yours," in which he is co-starred. The Morgans as they stepped from the east-bound train.



to take his work—as a profession.

"Besides, I am a hero worshipper myself so I can understand the hero worship of others. Both how ardent it is, and how innocuous. Not only that, but I am just as much an Ameche fan as anyone else so the more gallantly he makes love, the better I enjoy his portrayals. It's funny, perhaps, but this is the way it is with me: when

Don is not working, when he is at home, he's just Don, my husband and the boys' Dad. I certainly have neither cause nor occasion to be jealous of him then. When he is working, he is, to me as to others, the Movie Star and I am one of his fans, one of his audience myself. I certainly have neither cause, right nor occasion to be jealous of him then, when I am just one

WHAT RUINS MOVIE STARS' CAREERS!

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- Priscilla Lane:** How to be a star without living like one!
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—by a swimming teacher

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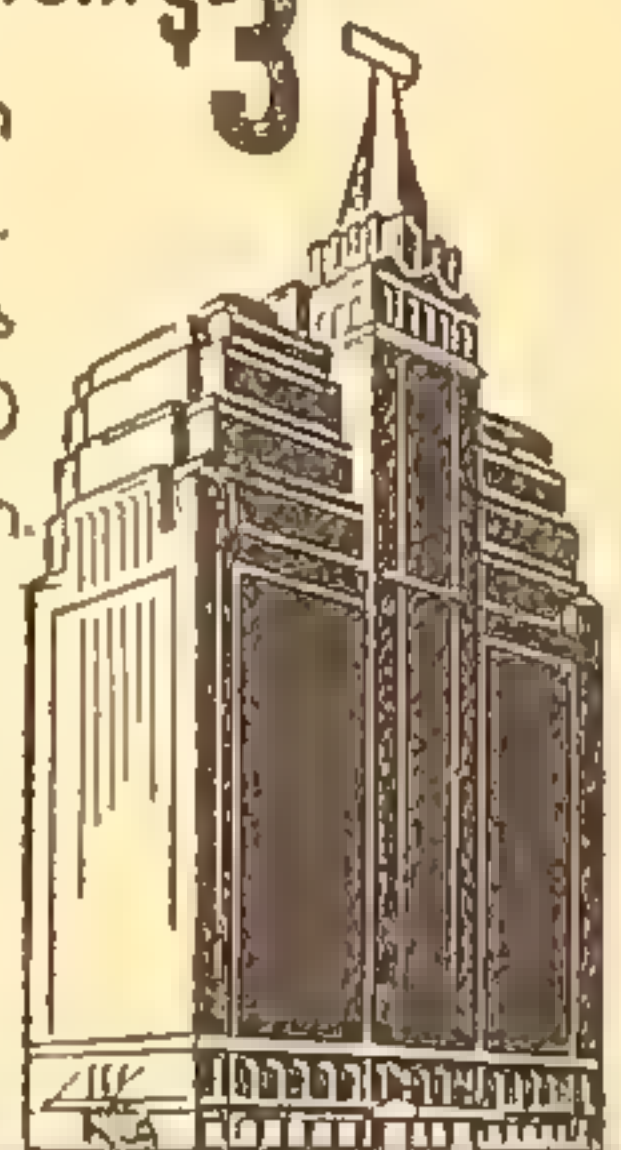
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of his fans—and there it is!"

Mrs. Ray Milland laughed off the question—she said, "I have always believed that practice makes perfect. That goes for making love as well as for the other Arts & Crafts! If Ray practices making love with Claudette, Ellen Drew, Barbara, Anna Neagle—well, after all, *who is it he comes home to?* If you follow me!"

But, if the rabies of jealousy do attack a non-pro wife as, however irrationally, they have been known to do, now and again, Mrs. Ray offers another Remedy. A spot of analyzing helps, she said. For instance, how could she be jealous of Ellen Drew when, as everyone knows, Ellen is fair mad about Cy Bartlett and may be married to him by this time; how be jealous of *Carole Lombard*, in Gable's name!! Or of Barbara Stanwyck, married to you-know-who! Or of Deanna Durbin, now a bride? Or of Claudette Colbert, who has been known to break up a love scene by calling Ray "Joel"? Your own particular husband, said sage Mrs. Ray, may be *your* particular heart-throb, but it's healthy to remember that other hearts have other throbs, *and* throbs.

It occurred to me that Mrs. James Stephenson should have a Point of View about this matter since, less than three years ago, James, who committed Grand Larceny on the Bette Davis film, "The Letter," was, so to speak, "in trade."

"Actually," Mrs. S. told me, "he was in cotton and, in between times, in oil."

Now say what you will, there IS a difference between having a husband who is "in cotton" and a husband who is in a Glamor Girl's arms. If you are married and raised on the idea that your husband turns an honest penny by making love to G.G.s. that's one thing; but the transition from business man to movie star must require some transiting—so, I asked Mrs. S. who is a wife With A Sense of Humor (all non-pro wives please copy) and she said, "Well, the only reaction I get when I see Jimmy on the screen is, well, my goodness, I wish he was as glamorous as that at home!"

"Maybe," continued English Mrs. S., "maybe I'm taking it too lightly, but I don't think Jim is the kind of a man to be bowled over very easily. Then, too, of course, he is almost always the tough guy in pictures; he's never done a love scene on the screen. Not that that would make any difference to me—because he did do love scenes on the stage and I survived them without a scar and so, which is more to the point, did he. I may take it all too lightly, as I said, but—" and this is interesting because Mrs. Stephenson, like Mrs. Milland, believes that analyzing the girls your husband plays with in pictures will remove any qualms, if qualms attack—"the girls Jim has played with," she said, "Bette Davis, notably: well, not only is Bette the most marvellous person with far too strict a code to permit her to 'poach,' so to speak, even if she felt so inclined, but, also, she is a recent bride, and a recent bride is not apt to constitute a danger to another woman's husband. And there is Geraldine Fitzgerald, a lady to her fingertips and completely devoted to her husband and her small son—that's what I mean by analyzing—if you do, you'll usually find that these 'dangerous' women have lives and loves and interests of their own, more than enough to fill their hearts and minds and time. As for feeling any jealousy of the fans—no. That is far too impersonal a matter to cause a personal reaction, to my mind."

Mrs. Dean Jagger is another non-jealous non-pro. She told me, "Jealous of Dean? No, of course not. I've worked in the theater myself and have had to do love scenes with utter strangers, men whom



Shapely limbs, and we don't mean the from whence sprang Charlie McC. We're bereft of words—it's Dorothy D.

I never saw, nor especially wanted to except at rehearsals and performance. As a matter of fact, I think movie stage wives have less cause to be jealous than others. With love-making as a part of their profession, part of the 'grind,' so to speak, actors turn to our sports for recreation between pictures. You'll find many more film stars (certainly find Dean) on the tennis courts or in bowling alleys or riding horses than you ever will at night-clubs. I hear more about their night-clubbing dates than you do about their athletic activities, it's because dates and night-clubbing make more glamorous 'copy.'

"I'm very happy to be a Hollywood wife, because it means we can have a real home and the stability and security other couples have. It means that we never apart. When Dean signed his contract he stipulated that it contain a clause stating that I was to go with him on location trips he made no matter how long or for how long." Mrs. Jagger smiles a little, happily, to herself. She said, "I can see, can't you, that I have no cause for jealousy? I haven't. No one else may quarrel with me, but I maintain that a Hollywood wife has less cause for jealousy than any other wife, anywhere, or married to a man in any other business or profession. Men in pictures get so much of flattery and emotion and love-making (before the camera) that they are only too ready to be too relieved to stay at home, relax, and be healthy, the different sort of things. Hollywood is home to us, and no house is if jealousy lives in it."

Helen Gahagan said, simply, "I feed Melvyn shamelessly! No woman could feed him more flattery than I do. I feed him the kind of food he likes. Southern cooking. No woman could feed him more better, than I do. That's all there is, isn't any more!"

So, now you know as much as I can find out. Some of 'em, like Charles Boyer, for one, wouldn't make a syllable. The very word 'jealous' made them turn green. Some of 'em they are and others say they aren't. You can believe them or not believe them, with them or not agree with them, as you see fit—me, I'm not saying anything more. It was enough that I asked the question 'Are you jealous?' rather a delicate question, if you know what I mean. I lived to tell this tale!

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 9

ere overnight," said Priscilla, as we the gardens. "A friend helped us landscaping. See, he made a map of this upper rose garden, with the of each rose and the spot where planted, and we set the map beside es, so we needn't say: 'Oh, I think whatchamaycallit,' when people ask nes.

ummer we simply live on the patio. e serve tea or cold drinks or simple ns and late breakfasts. You see it's nged that you may have either sun le, as you choose."

asant place, that patio, with its dy-and-white furniture and swings, azines, books, games and pingpong The formal garden with its green ow hedges, white wall topped with of giant petunias, its white gate and painted seats, is on the same level patio which faces it, while the much informal gardens lie at the foot of t of flagged steps.

denias and camellias bloom like o matter what the season," exulted stess, as we wandered among the that were doing just that.

ic blooms are not the sole crop of ely Lanes. Farther down the wilder is a flourishing vegetable garden lathe house where the gardener plants from seed.

aking of vegetables," said the star llion Dollar Baby," "we should be- discuss food. The Lane family is l of chicken that when you mention us we invariably come out with n this' and 'chicken that.'

"a summer luncheon, I'd serve n aspic, or chicken mousse, a cool of avocado, grapefruit and orange, wafers, tall glasses of iced tea with and a dessert, preferably ice-cream.

"You can put the avocado and fruit into the aspic with the chicken and make a big platter of it on watercress, say, or endive. If you serve chicken mousse, you might have green salad on the side."

CHICKEN MOUSSE

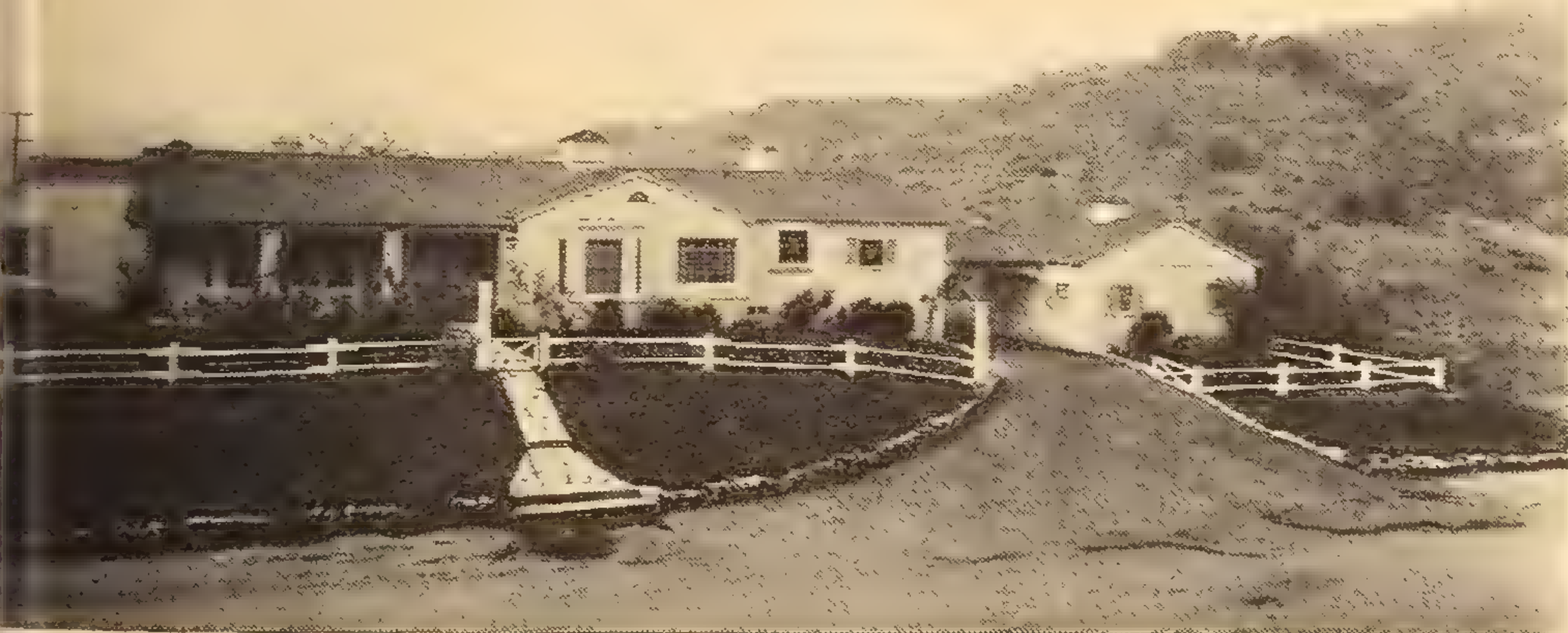
2 cans Campbell's chicken soup
1½ tablespoons Knox gelatine
(softened in ¼ cup water)
2 tablespoons pimento, chopped
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
2 eggs, separated
1½ cups cooked chicken
½ cup whipping cream
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Strain soup and heat in double boiler. Add chicken to the rice, chicken and celery strained from the soup, and put through food chopper, using fine blade. Beat egg yolks, add hot soup to them; then cook 6-8 minutes in double boiler. Pour hot mixture over gelatine and stir until dissolved. When it begins to thicken, fold in beaten egg whites, whipped cream and remaining ingredients. Pour into ring mold and chill until firm.

Mrs. Lane has a number of chicken recipes which she keeps a closely guarded secret.

"I adore her creamed chicken," sighed Priscilla, "but she won't tell how she does it. She says the secret lies in choosing your chicken, that there's nothing in it but chicken—no veal, no mushrooms, no green peppers.

"We serve another excellent dish, if you want a hot one: boiled chicken with wild rice, the chicken served in the center of a ring of rice. But perhaps individual chicken rolls with mushroom sauce are more original. Let the cook tell you about those."



At top is the Lane family's house as it looked when they first moved in. They fell in love with it at first sight. And as it looks now, above, a warmly livable spot.

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They swing sweet songs and sweeten swing; when they sing "Boogy Woogy" you automatically become a "hep cat." Who're we talking about? The Andrews Sisters, of course. Left to right, Maxene, Laverne and Patty practicing for their new Abbott and Costello picture, "Oh, Charlie."



INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN ROLLS

- 2 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons Royal baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons Crisco
- 1/2-3/4 cup milk

Sift flour, then measure. Add salt and baking powder and sift again. Work Crisco into flour. Add the milk gradually and mix together till a medium-soft dough is formed. Toss on a floured board and roll out into a piece 9 x 12 inches. Cut into 3 inch squares, making 12 squares in all.

Spread each square with chicken mixture, roll and place on baking sheet, seam down. Bake in a hot oven for 15-20 minutes and serve with hot mushroom sauce. Makes 12 rolls.

CHICKEN MIXTURE

- 1 1/2 cups ground chicken
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons chicken gravy

Mix chicken, gravy and seasonings all together. Spread 1 spoon of mixture on each pastry square.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

- 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
- 1/2-3/4 cup milk

Empty soup into saucepan. Stir well and add milk. Heat but don't boil. Serve over the chicken rolls.

"We never serve foreign dishes, just simple American food. Sometimes we dress it up. Soup, for instance. Soup is delicious on hot days when you can't stand a hot meal. Our cook serves a combination of chicken and corn soup that's wonderful. She adds garnishes, too. Ever taste cucumber slices, cooked in butter and dropped into a cup of chicken soup? Sometimes she uses banana slices, cooked till soft, instead, or sliced almonds. Salted whipped cream on Mock Turtle Soup is grand, if you have no figure worries."

CREAM OF CHICKEN AND CORN SOUP

- 2 teaspoons butter
- 2 teaspoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 can Campbell's Chicken Soup
- 3 tablespoons cooked corn
- 3 tablespoons chopped fresh tomato

Melt butter, add flour and cook till frothy. Then add milk and cook till thickened. Add soup and corn and heat but don't boil. Add tomatoes just before serving.

Tall glasses in hand, we sat in cushioned lounge chairs on the patio, nibbling sandwiches of unusual flavor.

"Sandwich butter, we call the stuff these," I was informed. "Cook adds certain things to a quarter pound of cream butter. This is grated onion and Camp tomato soup—yours is sardine, tomato and lemon juice, I think. Anchovy, lemon and tomato soup make an awfully yummy one."

They're marvelous, try them!

Of all summertime desserts, Prunella prefers ice-cream. Vanilla, for choice, fresh strawberries on top. "You can use the vanilla cream as a foundation and add any flavors. Fold in fruit or berry pulp into custard before you add egg white. Add a cup of crushed English toffee at the stirring. For Mocha flecked ice-cream, substitute a cup of strong, black coffee for one cup of milk, and then fold a cup of shredded milk chocolate at the stirring."

VANILLA ICE CREAM

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons Kingsford's cornstarch
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 2 cups milk
- 2 teaspoons Burnett's vanilla extract
- 3 eggs

Mix all but 3 tablespoons of the sugar, cornstarch and salt together in top of double boiler; add egg yolks and beat until thoroughly blended. Cook rapidly boiling water 10 minutes, or until mixture just coats a metal spoon, stir occasionally. Cool thoroughly; add flour. Beat egg whites until stiff but dry; add remaining sugar gradually; continue beating until mixture holds peaks; fold in custard; and fold in cream when it holds point.

Pour into 2 refrigerator trays and control to coldest point to freeze. When mixture becomes mushy, stir 3 times with fork at 15 minute intervals. When frozen, set control at temperature slightly colder than ordinarily maintained; let melt. Serves 8 generously.

One Woman's Husband

Continued from page 31

You have to go back even before that, however, to appreciate her patient devotion.

Before he found Gertrude, Pres had grown up in the small town of Pitman, in New Jersey. The neighbors had insisted he was as hard on them as he was on his parents. A typical energetic American boy, he was not to be tamed by routine. When the principal of the Pitman high school said to him, "One more visit to my office and out you go!" he wasn't at all humbled. Near the end of his junior year there was an interclass fight and Pres, of course, was the ringleader of his class. Somehow he was brandishing a fire hose and breaking windows with it. When the principal arrived on the scene Pres fled. He hurried downtown to his father's office and declared, philosophically, "I might as well quit now before they kick me out." His dad shook his head. The kid fancied the world was his oyster, and there was no holding him down.

Pres wasn't afraid of work, for he'd worked summers and had delivered papers during school terms. All he had to do was pick a job that meant big money. For he had decided to become an actor and he needed money to get away from Pitman.

No one but his mother encouraged him in his fantastic wish. The girl he'd dated informed him she couldn't be bothered going about with the village nut. His father was indifferent; the absolute foolishness of the notion would take care of it. "I was the town laughing-stock," Pres recalls now. "Except to mother. She always said, 'Well, go on and try. Either you can be an actor, or you can't be one!'" She remembered, as mothers will, how he'd excitedly gone into Philadelphia to carry a spear when Martinnelli had sung in opera there. She deliberately forgot his discouragement when he'd been turned down for the high school plays. "I never got a part in any of them," he recalls.

His first job was a long way from Hollywood. It was in the Victor talking machine factory in Camden and he commuted from home. But in a couple of months he quit. ("Working in a factory was not good enough. As though *any* honest work could be beneath any man!" he says today.)

Headstrong, he moved to Camden and landed a white collar job. He beamed at being a payroll clerk for the New York Shipbuilding Company. But mostly because of the girl he stumbled upon in the office there. She was a knock-out.

For three years he stuck to the same job. And all that time Gertrude Warren listened to him talk about becoming an actor. She intended to become a teacher and she was as down-to-earth as he was up in the clouds. Still, she was in her 'teens, too, and soon as much in love with him as he was with her. And, of course, when you fall in love your sweetheart's wildest hopes are perfectly possible!

Pres sang a lot, and when he determined to take singing lessons she didn't call it a waste of money. She wasn't possessive when, at the end of their third year as clerks, he wanted to spend his vacation in New York City. He'd met a boy whose brother-in-law was a stage manager for Al Woods. Pres pestered the poor kid for a letter of introduction. "When I hit New York I registered at a cheap theatrical hotel, feeling I belonged there. To my astonishment, I learned a stage manager wasn't so important. Al Woods paid no attention to him. Nor, what was worse, to me!"

On his return to Camden he discovered the boom at the shipbuilding plant was suddenly over and he was among those laid off. Gertrude had her teaching cinched. She agreed to marry him as soon as he got a steady job.

"Maybe you can imagine how I hated to have to go back home then! But I had to, and I got a job as a mechanic's helper for the local bus company. Pretty soon I was driving the bus between Pitman and Camden. One night there was a terrific thunderstorm. I'd brought in my bus, loaded with people, and was soaked to the skin. I was ordered to take out another bus right away. I said I was going home for a hot shower and some dry clothes first. I was fired!"

What would a girl like Gertrude say to that? She wrote him that a fellow had to stand up for his rights! She didn't even criticize his next move. He was offered thirty dollars a week for singing in a quartet. "I turned it down. I still had that 'beneath me' complex. Why, that meant I'd be practically in the chorus class!" The quartet sang over the radio, and it would have been excellent training for an embryo

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Mrs. Preston Foster was perhaps the only person who believed her husband would "amount to something," in the early days of their courtship and marriage. Their lovely home, "Rose Hill," attests to the fact that he made good. The house overlooks Beverly Hills.

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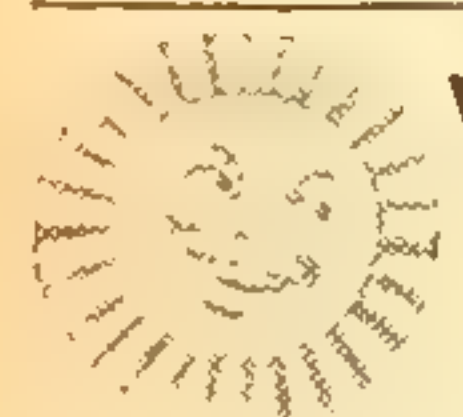
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actor who had no other way to express himself. But Pres has the grandeur of youth in his blood. At least, until he eventually had to accept any old job.

He didn't want to tell Gertrude he was working in a cold storage plant, loading freight cars. Every time he lifted a three-hundred pound package of ice he thought of her sane serenity. He borrowed a friend's Ford to go back and forth Saturday nights to see her.

That job ended. So he drove a fruit truck. Then he became—not an actor—but a house-to-house canvasser back in Camden, having pulled up home stakes once more. "I just couldn't keep an everyday job," Pres candidly confesses. There was a railroad strike, and he was hired as a special officer to patrol the yards. He wasn't a satisfactory employee because when he could save fifty dollars he'd steal time off for a New York trip. There, for a few days, he'd bang against the solid walls of some theater. With no experience, no record of having acted at all, he was roughly dismissed when he entered the offices of the theatrical agents.

"A friend got me on the *Philadelphia Ledger* soliciting classified ads. After a while I quit to be an automobile salesman! I didn't like that. I wanted to be an actor!" He went back to the paper when he realized he'd never marry Gertrude at the rate he was going. He could earn four hundred dollars a month in the advertising department. So he promised to give up his acting bug.

Picture Pres, if you can, settling in Moorestown, where Gertrude was teaching. He made a down payment on a cute little house and he was a sensible, conventional business man. That is, life was calm in the Foster home until, getting about as newspapermen will, he met an Italian tenor. His old musical urge sprang up. The tenor suggested they give a concert together. It sounded like fun. So they did, and it was.

Then "The Miracle" was staged in Philadelphia and Pres sneaked time off from his ad soliciting to sing in the chorus. He gave another concert which clicked. Then he heard a new opera company was being formed. He went directly to the maestro in charge and was declared good enough for the chorus. He stole away for afternoon singing lessons. When a fair opened he got a spot singing on its radio program. And so it happened again. He grew more and



The Preston Fosters' pride and joy is their two-year-old daughter, sweet Stephanie, being attended by "Jones," their doting butler.

more concerned with show business, and his everyday work slipped. He was fired.

How would a serious-minded wife take that? Gertrude didn't explode. She shrugged her shoulders. After all, she loved Pres. He was accustomed to finding new positions, and shortly he was an installment collector for a sewing machine company. This depressed him. So he quit and started to sell electric light bulbs. "This," he assured Gertrude, steeling himself to try to be orthodox again, "is a line I can be enthusiastic about." He did exert himself and his personality resulted in his winning an appointment as manager of a selling crew. He dealt with hotels and stores and everything was progressing fine until he found he was boosting an inferior product. There was no going on when he lost confidence in his light bulbs.

Gertrude did not wail, "Was any woman ever married to such a man!" For, no matter how many tangents he flew off on, their love was above what the neighbors might say. She hardly saw how he would ever get to Hollywood, but there was no doubt but that his desire to be an actor couldn't be squelched. He no longer strolled past stage doors in hope of actually seeing a live actor. He no longer expected to sail right into leading rôles. He was ready to study and train. But he couldn't suppress his bent.

When the electric light bulbs flickered out of their lives he was drawn, as though by a magnet, to a vaudeville agent's office in Philadelphia. He sang a song, as an example of his ability. It was the middle of summer. "In the fall I'll put you in an act," the man said. Pres came home, buoyed up by this faint opportunity. A few days later the agent phoned him. A minstrel show was on at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City and the interlocutor had taken ill. Could Pres rush down? "When I got there I had only thirty minutes in which to learn all the jokes and songs and receive instructions as to how I was to handle the end men." And was it the traditional case of the eager understudy surpassing the veteran? No! "I was so self-conscious, so punk, that they fired me after one performance. So that cooked me in vaudeville!"

Surely it must have been difficult for Gertrude when he persisted in thinking he could have a career which seemed utterly beyond his reach. They had made friends.



This highly dramatic moment occurs in "Unfinished Business," with Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery and Preston Foster, center.

Other husbands weren't "flighty" like Pres. The almost incredible thing about Mrs. Preston Foster is that she simply didn't give a hoot about what the other wives thought. She didn't mind going on with her school teaching while he figured out his life.

"I'd been out of a job for six months and I'd flopped there at Atlantic City. I was confused, and desperate. Gertrude kept saying, over and over, 'But I'm not worrying, darling!' She thought I should wait until fall, when the new shows tried out, before accepting failure as a would-be actor."

In the last week of that summer Pres was down to his last fifty dollars. So he kissed Gertrude good-bye with a tenderness which almost broke her heart. He packed his best clothes and drove to Weehawken, on the Jersey side. Parking his car there, he took the ferry across to New York. It was a Monday morning and it was his last stab.

"I hurried to the theater where they were casting 'New Moon.' They advised me to return at three that afternoon. I did, and when I began to read a part they wouldn't let me finish it because I was so rotten!" Next day, miraculously, he got his break. A bit actor had dropped out of a murder drama and Pres was eligible. "The rôle was that of a deaf-and-dumb Chinaman and the only thing demanded was that a man be over six feet tall!"

Pres "opened on Broadway" a week later. After five weeks he went on the road for five months with the troupe, becoming the general understudy. It was his long-delayed chance to study the fundamentals of acting and he mastered three dialects—Cockney, Chinese, and Italian—in the hope a principal actor would have a lapse. He was never that lucky. But the stage manager approved of his sincerity and recommended him for a supporting rôle in Henry Hull's play, "Congratulations." Pres didn't have many lines, but he was so grateful for them he got a Broadway run through until spring.

Every week-end he was anywhere within reach of Moorestown he took a bus home to Gertrude. She was the happiest school teacher that ever was. For he was doing what he wanted and that made her happy.

He didn't get another part at the end of the season, but he got a job as an assistant stage manager for a fall production. So without any hesitation she agreed to selling their home and moving their furniture

to a three-room apartment in Sunnyside, Long Island. By the end of the season he was a full-fledged stage manager.

Then he tried vaudeville again, singing successfully with Fritzi Scheff. A half-a-dozen small Broadway rôles followed. And Gertrude, no longer sure of her own income, economized with a smile always on her lips. There was another six months' stretch when he couldn't get a single job in the theater. So he did bits and then plain extra rôles at a Long Island movie studio. He was never close enough to the cameras to be discovered. When he did maneuver a screen test he was told to grow a beard. Hollywood sent word he wouldn't do.

But Gertrude could see how, slow as it was, he was climbing. It took three years for him to get his significant lead on Broadway. He portrayed a comedy roughneck. The morning after "Two Seconds" opened three Hollywood studios, including the one for whom he'd done extra work in New York, bid for him.

He couldn't risk bringing his wife with him because he was only guaranteed one picture. But he was a hit in it, so then she joined him on the Coast. You rarely hear of her in Hollywood society because she remains as real a person as she was. Instinctively she knew that she loved a man who would justify himself. The bad times were never bad in her eyes. She had him. She was never bossy, never nagging, for she had no fear. Nothing was unbearable, except their brief separations when he was battling his way up the ladder.

I think it would have been easy for them to have ordered a model made for the new home they'd planned. Gertrude made the model, down to the least measurement. So now each time they open a door they get a fresh thrill. The charm of their house, a dream come true, comes close to overwhelming them.

"Oh, shut up, Gertrude," Pres mutters. "You know it all goes to illustrate what a lot of luck will do!"

"Perhaps," she says softly. "Or does it illustrate that nothing can compare with falling in love with a swell fellow?"

Of course, what would they really have without a child? They both adored a certain year-old baby girl the minute they saw her. Since adopting their Stephanie, heiress to their success and hearts, nothing seems lacking.



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He found a package of Dentyne on his plate too, (Dentyne—the warmly delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's this?" said little Jack. And since no one answered, he went on: "Hm-m, nice looking package—flat—convenient to carry—easy to open."

He opened it. "Looky, six sticks—that's generous." Then he tasted. "Say—what a flavor—blended just right—not hot—not sweet—but mighty good and refreshing. That flavor lasts, too, not just a few minutes but as long as you'd want it."

Just then in popped his dentist. "Good boy, Jack," said the dentist, "chewing Dentyne is a pleasant, practical way to help keep your teeth clean and sparkling."

And little Jack smiled with satisfaction.

(Moral: You too will smile with satisfaction when you taste Dentyne's luscious goodness and see how it helps keep your teeth bright.)



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Preston Foster calls the above his "Rumpus Room," and it is not hard to understand why. It holds a conglomeration of everything needed for fun and relaxation. A great place to seek after a hard grind at the studio. Pres tells us about his past—says he's lucky.

Sweetheart of the Campus

Continued from page 29

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Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

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remind me of my father on a binge, I'd poke you." Suddenly she saw the girl just behind Mrs. Sparr. The girl who would have been pretty if she had known how to dress and if her hair wasn't fixed so primly and if she didn't wear glasses. "How'd you like to take those glasses off?" Betty demanded pugnaciously.

"Betty!" Terry said warningly. Then he turned to the older woman. "We wouldn't hurt your students," he said in a voice dripping with honey. "We're clean-living, playful, fun-loving lads and lassies. Why,



Patti McCarty finds a novel way to root for the best team in "Sweetheart of the Campus," song and dance collegiate capers.

we're college people ourselves."

"Don't tell me this collection of thugs ever saw any school but a reform school," Mrs. Sparr sputtered indignantly. "Sheriff Denby, will you please proceed?"

"You just leave 'em to me." The sheriff menaced his way towards them. "Quit arguing, now, or I'll run you all in. And by the powers vested in me under Code forty-six, Criminal and Civil Laws of our sovereign state, I declare this club closed and under seal. The joint's padlocked."

Betty's eyes should have stopped him. Betty's eyes were the sort that should stop a seven-ton truck. But they couldn't reach the hard heart of the sheriff.

"But we've been counting on these jobs," she said, and her voice had lost the joyous lift that made it Betty's. "For eating money."

But it didn't make any difference. Nothing could make any difference, Ozzie saw, as Mrs. Sparr swept out of the room, gesturing the others after her in a manner

Queen Victoria could have been proud of. Only the girl didn't go. She stood looking at Ozzie as if she were about to cry. "I didn't want to come," she said softly. "I tried to argue her out of it before we came in."

"Think nothing of it," Ozzie said bitterly. "All we lost was the chance of a lifetime. Listen, sister, sticking a knife in a man is criminal, but standing around watching him bleed, that isn't nice!"

The girl's lips trembled as she hesitated. Then Mrs. Sparr turned around indignantly. "Come along, Harriet," she said warningly.

"I've got to go," the girl whispered. "You see, my father is president of the college and she, well, she can do practically as she wants with the faculty. But I'm on your side."

Small comfort, that was. Ozzie wouldn't care if he ever saw the goon again. "We'd better bring out the usual ad," he said, as Professor Bailey stepped out of his character of mouse long enough to bang the door after them. "Ozzie Nelson and band available."

"Also Betty Burke," Betty whispered forlornly. "I'd like to stuff old Minnie's bustle with cactus!"

"Wait a minute!" Terry's eyes lit up and he snapped his fingers excitedly. "I've got the idea of the century! Like Shakespeare said, 'If somebody kicks you in the pants, get it in the papers with pictures.'"

They got in the papers all right, but they also got in jail. Still it had been worth going to jail for that fantastic parade they formed with Ozzie and the band blaring their defiance and Betty leading them like a drum majorette, carrying the sign reading, "Beat Minnie Sparr, eight to the bar." The others followed each with a sign of their own, first Victor, then the waiters, bartenders and chefs all in their working clothes. The students lined up and cheered, and even some of the professors forgot themselves enough to smile their encouragement and Bon Bon, the chocolate colored janitor, was lost at the first blare of the music and trucked on down at the tail end of the parade.

The fun had only lasted for a day, and night found them in the county jail, booked on charges of vagrancy. But it took more than a jail to hold their untamed spirits. Stone walls could not a prison make or iron bars a cage as long as there was a sax and a fiddle and a drum in the house and the band had held on to their instruments. So it was a jam session, with all of them going it hot-diggety and Betty's nimble feet tapped out the melody until the sheriff came in and looked at them with a jaundiced eye.

"No more of that music or I'll have you arrested," he blared. "The neighbors are complaining about the noise and I always had the reputation of running a nice, quiet jail."

"Well, of course, you could let us out of here," Betty said cajolingly and then he shook his head. "'Ja ever hear tell of Joshua? He had the Jericho Jive band. And they blew and they blew and the walls came a-tumbling down."

"I'm sorry I ever gave up hamburgers," Victor said dismally. "You fry the meat a little, slap it onto a roll, apply relish and you got a hamburger. Nobody bothers you, nobody makes trouble."

"Here comes trouble now!" Ozzie grimaced as he saw a keeper escorting Harriet towards him. "I'm sorry about all this,"

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Columbia Pictures. Produced by Jack Frier. Directed by Edward Dmytryk. Original story by Robert D. Andrews. Screenplay by Robert D. Andrews and Edmund Hartmann. With the following cast:

City Ruby Keeler
 Ozzie Ozzie Nelson
 Harriet Harriet Hilliard
 Perry Gordon Oliver
 Mr. Hale George Lessey
 Mr. Bailey Byron Foulger
 Mrs. Sparr Kathleen Howard
 Don Bon Leo Watson
 Victor Charles Judels
 Sheriff Don Beddoe
 Mr. Grimsby Frank Gaby

faltered, as she stopped outside the "But you know they can't hold you but have a job.

"That makes everything okay!" Ozzie said at her. "Only we don't happen to have a job or even the prospect of one." "That's wonderful!" Harriet beamed, "it was amazing what her smile did to her face. If Ozzie hadn't already made his opinion of her he would have sworn she was an amazingly pretty girl. "Now I can take the job I'm going to offer

"Did you say job?" Ozzie asked. "D-B, job?"

"I want you and Miss Burke and the kid to enroll at Lambert Tech as students," Harriet said eagerly.

"The kid's out of her mind," Ozzie said. The mention of a job had sent his spirits soaring but now he felt like a tire that had just been punctured.

"It's asking a lot," Harriet went on cheerily. "But there isn't any other way to save the school. You see, the school charter requires a minimum of three hundred

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students, and after graduation we'll only have a hundred and twenty-one. That means we've got six weeks to bring the enrollment up and the publicity you've been getting is just what Lambert Tech needs. But if we don't make it the school and grounds will revert to Mrs. Sparr as the only surviving heiress of Jonathan Lambert. And if you only knew what it would mean to my dad and me to save old Lambert!"

"Tell me more," Ozzie beamed, beginning to get excited himself.

"Mrs. Sparr wants to change Lambert Tech to the Minnie Sparr Seminary for Girls, with Professor Bailey at the head," Harriet explained. "So of course she doesn't agree with my father's modern ideas because she *wants* the college to fail. So she cut out the football team and stopped the dances and closed your night club because she wants the school to be so dull that no student in his right mind would think of enrolling. And for three years the place hasn't known anything that sounded like laughter or music."

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"We're on!" Ozzie shouted, and Betty felt a sinking feeling when she saw the look he gave Harriet. Ozzie had never looked that way at any girl before.

But there wasn't any stopping Harriet once she had got started. The jail doors opened as if by magic and even the entrance examinations to the college were a cinch because Professor Bailey always asked the same questions and Harriet knew the right answers. It worked like a charm. Even when Terry gave an answer before the professor had a chance to ask the question Bailey didn't realize everything wasn't the way it should be.

"Now it's full steam ahead," Harriet said briskly, as she led the way to a deserted wing of the college where the school paper had been printed before Minnie Sparr shut it down.

"Nice place for a murder," Terry grinned as he brushed the cobwebs away before they went through the door. "It looks as if it hasn't heard the sound of a human voice for years."

"That's why Harriet chose it," Ozzie explained. "It's private."

Betty's heart took a nose dive right down to the tips of her toes, for now there wasn't any doubt that Ozzie had been seeing Harriet.

"You sure found all the details on close acquaintance, didn't you?" she asked. "It didn't take you long to be ready to die for dear old Lambert, did it?"

"Nobody's dying for dear old Lambert," Terry broke in excitedly. "We're going to get some sweet publicity for ourselves. This is going to make you the dancing star of a century. You're going to be Betty Co-Ed, the only girl in a man's college, the Dream of the entire student body. I can see you on magazine covers, newspaper features, movies, radio."

"Aren't you forgetting the highway billboards?" Betty asked sarcastically.

"You're the only girl on a huge dance floor," Terry went on, ignoring her interruption. "Three hundred male students wait hungrily in the stag line."

"I like that," Betty grinned.

"You're walking to class," Terry complained, acting out his words with an exaggerated mincing step. "Thirty college boys escort you every step of the way. Every girl in the country envies you. And every boy in high school is dreaming about going to Lambert Tech and meeting Betty Co-Ed."

Betty was beginning to like the picture. "I'm mobbed, but good," she said smugly. "How about mixing in a crowd of older men?"

"And Lambert Tech has a radio and television station, for experiments by the Engineering Department," Harriet put in eagerly. "We're going to use it. We'll broadcast the doings of the new night club we're opening in the gymnasium, and we'll call it a commissary. And even Minnie Sparr can't find anything in the school charter which can close that down."

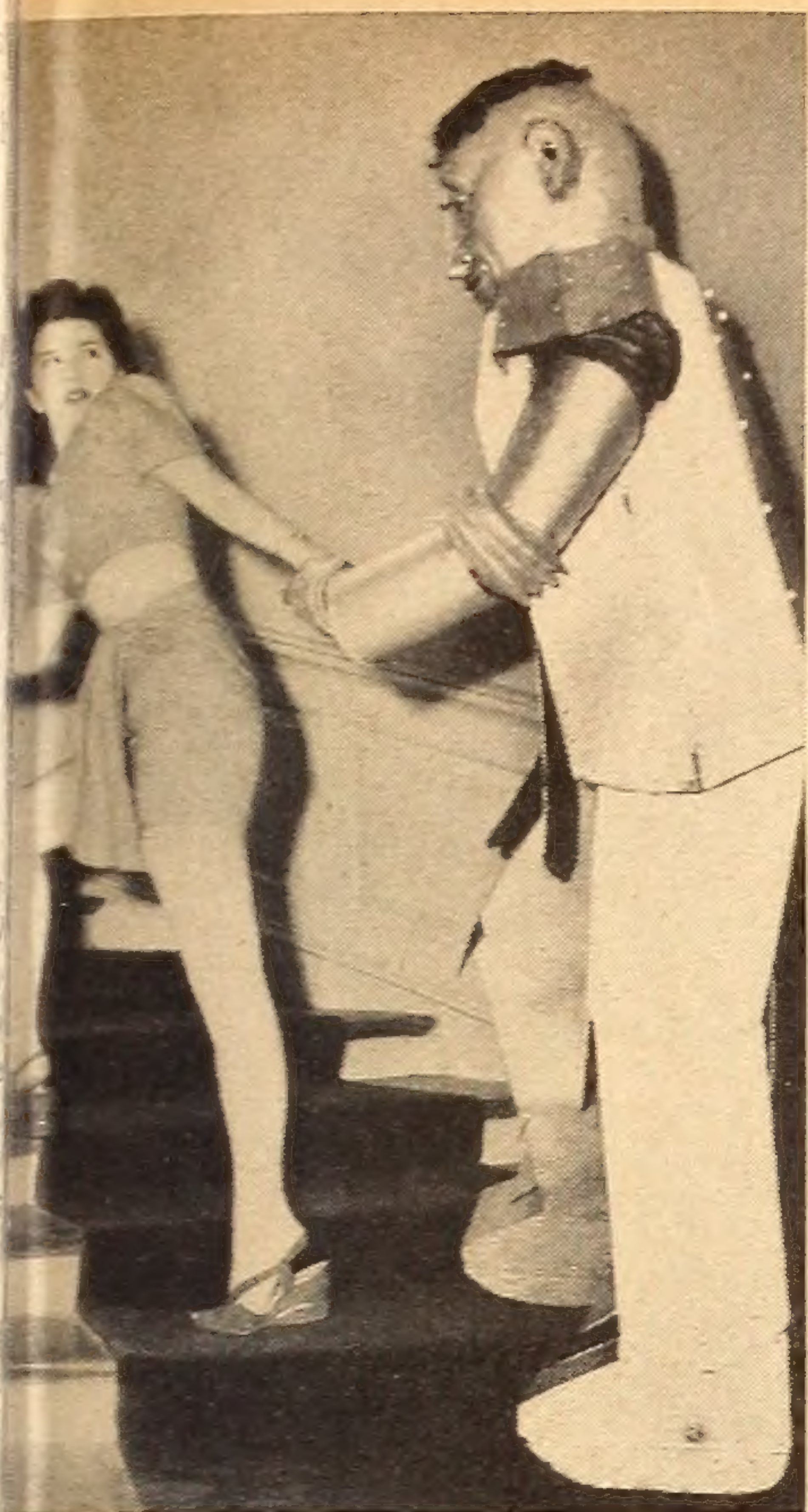
Maybe it would have been fun, maybe it would have been the most exciting thing that ever happened to Betty, the publicity and the new students flocking to the school all because they were anxious to know Betty Co-Ed. But Betty couldn't feel that way, not with Ozzie spending every minute he could with Harriet and with Harriet looking so different now that she wasn't using her glasses any more and was wearing pretty clothes so that even Betty had to admit that glamour had laid its magic spell on her.

So Betty couldn't even pretend to be interested when Terry showed her the latest batch of clippings. "I wonder why Ozzie hasn't come back," she said anxiously.

"Here's the greatest bunch of notices I ever saw," Terry looked at her in-
cidentally.



Watch for the romantic team George Brent and Ilona Massey! An intriguing story, international Lad plus an intriguing cast holds exciting film promises. This is Ilona's first since her marriage to Alan Curtis. As George—well, all know is that Sheridan's still in "big moment."



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y. "And you don't even listen. Ozzie Harriet had a lot to do this after-

Ozzie and Harriet!" Betty repeated angrily. "The way you say it, they go her like ham and eggs."

"Okay," Terry said imperturbably. "So got a great idea, so she's helping us it over! So maybe it's even more than maybe it's strictly personal." He ped then for he couldn't go on dishing it with Betty who had always been the thing, carefree kind, looking as if she e going to cry. "He's a good guy, y," he said then. "But there's other in the sea."

"Yeah, I guess so," Betty said slowly. ly at the moment I'm not in the mar- for any other fish."

at when Ozzie and Harriet came back ager to start work fixing up the gym- am for the new club, Betty worked as as any of them, taking the pail and from Bon Bon and somehow it helped heaviness in her heart, pitching in that with the others. "I've worked in y broken-down night clubs," she hed. "But *this* makes 'em look like Stork club on New Year's Eve." Then laugh died on her lips as she saw Mrs. r come in.

What is the meaning of this?" she anded, glaring at Harriet. "You seem ave forgotten dignity, tradition, *every-* g, for the sake of a gang of cheap cians. They're Lambert Tech students," riet said evenly.

They're nothing but jailbirds!" Mrs. r's eyes swept the room furiously. d I insist you get rid of them immedi- r! And as for you," she looked at Bon standing there grinning, "You are charged."

No, ma'am!" Bon Bon said blithely. as resigned. From now on I is in de v. An' does I sizzle and swing! Yes am, I've struttin' an' shinin' at the ege Club."

ut Bon Bon wasn't the only new mem- of the band. Harriet belonged now

too, really belonged. For at the opening Ozzie introduced her, not only to the stu- dents, but to the radio audience as well, as his new singer. It didn't help Betty then that she was the star of the show, that it was she the students crowded into the room to meet. Not even when a whole football team, headed by a coach, marched in together and announced themselves as new students, all for the sake of Betty Co-Ed, she couldn't forget the way Harriet had looked standing there before the mi- crophone in the new evening dress that accentuated every soft curve of her slim figure and with her eyes shining as she looked at Ozzie. But of course, the hard- est thing to bear was the way Ozzie's eyes were shining too.

The student membership had passed the required number, but their triumph was short-lived when Mrs. Sparr and Prof- essor Bailey came in to announce that the final exams were to take place the next morning. It was a trick, of course. Harriet knew that. Those examinations weren't going to be any cinch. And so, long after the night club was supposed to have shut down for the evening, she kept them there in the gymnasium coaching them.

"Trigonometry treats of the relations holding among the sides and angles of triangles," one of the football players read his text book disconsolately. "Now, what language is that?"

Betty made a face at Harriet. "To her it's baby talk," she giggled. "If I knew as many answers as she does I'd have a mink coat and a penthouse."

"Those are different answers, Betty," Terry said. "But wait a minute! I've got an idea! We're all musicians and we know answers they don't know. Why shouldn't we use them? Ask me something fancy, Harriet."

"What were the economic factors behind the Thirty Years' War?" she laughed.

"The barrel house gut bucket is to the cat's jive just as an alligator swings his skins into the groove," Terry announced triumphantly.

"Why don't we just give up and get some sleep?" one of the musicians inquired in a plaintive voice. "Then when they hand us the exams we can throw them in their faces and go home. I'm for an hon- orable surrender."

"That's for me." The football player looked up wearily. "I'm going some place which appreciates a quarterback with twelve seasons' experience."

"Hey!" Ozzie looked up sharply. "You mugs can't run out now!"

"Let them go, if they want to," Harriet said. She turned and faced them. "I know it's hard, tiring, thankless labor and all I can offer in return is my grat- itude. But maybe there's something more involved. Maybe there's our good old fight- ing spirit. Somebody is trying to put over a dirty trick and maybe we're not going to let them get away with it." Then as they didn't seem to respond at all, she sighed. "Well, maybe we'd better sign off for tonight and get a few hours' sleep."

"We can get sleep some other night." Betty looked belligerently at the others. She couldn't believe it was her own voice sounding off. Imagine, her taking sides with Harriet! But Betty knew she would have liked her if it hadn't been for Ozzie. "I gotta find out some more about this geology stuff. What's a limestone fault?"

Harriet's smile came trembling through her tears. "It's been swell knowing you, very swell," she whispered, putting her arm around Betty. "No matter what happens, it's still been swell."

They all had to do their best after that. They stayed there cramming until school opened. But their best wasn't good enough.

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The whole band failed except Betty and that evening Terry looked at the results posted on the bulletin board and shook his head. "They just about cleaned out the rest of the school too," he said gloomily. "Even with all the new students we'll only have two eighty-seven registered. What I can't figure out is how Betty passed."

"Oh, that was easy." Betty managed a grin. "After every question I wrote, 'Dr. Bailey is so handsome I just can't think.'"

"Well," Terry took her arm, "how's about getting back to the College Club? Flunked or passed, there's still a performance and the broadcast."

"Keep your chins up," Ozzie smiled. "We'll put everything we've got into the broadcast and we'll draw enough students if we have to advertise 'Mathematics taught with Bingo.' That ought to draw them in. Maybe we've got something."

"Have we?" Harriet asked softly.

"Sure." Ozzie looked at her in that special way which always made Betty feel that she was on the outside looking in at happiness. It was the way she had always longed to have Ozzie look at her. "Even if all these buildings cave in, we've got everything anybody could want. We've got each other."

"I used to think love talk was sappy," Harriet said then. "But I liked that, very much. Oh, Ozzie, I'm going to hate to see you leave!"

"You won't." Ozzie was looking at her as if he could never stop looking at her again and as if there wasn't anybody there but just the two of them. "When we do

leave, you're going along as the new singer. That's all you'll mean to the band. For me, well, I got better ideas."

Betty couldn't take any more. She turned and walked quickly away and even when she heard Terry's frantic voice calling to her she didn't stop.

"Hey, you're going the wrong way!"

"I like this way," Betty said, swallowing her tears. "Broadway is this way. And that's where I'm going. Look." She gave him the telegram she had stuffed in her bag when it had arrived that afternoon. "I've got an offer for a big review."

Terry whistled as he read it. "Three fifty a week is a lot of money," he said then. "And Alexander is a big producer, the biggest they come, even on Broadway. But you can't walk out on Harriet and Ozzie, just when they need you."

"Can't I, though?" Betty's little chin lifted. "That's what I thought too, this afternoon. I turned the deal down cold. I was a sucker then."

"But the rest of us are flunked out," Terry said despairingly. "You're the last hope."

"Then say good-bye to the last hope," Betty said quietly. "I'm going."

"Look, kid." Terry reached for her hand and held it. "Ozzie never said he was in love with you. Did he?"

"He never said anything." Betty shook her head. "I just kind of took it for granted."

"You can't do that with love," Terry said slowly. "Look, all the time you were taking Ozzie for granted and being wrong, I been kinda doing the same thing about you. Funny, huh?"

Betty looked at him appalled. "You mean I was giving you as bad as I was getting from Ozzie?" she demanded.

"That's right," Terry said grimly.

"Well!" Betty looked at him and suddenly she faltered. "Maybe, well, maybe—" She turned away then. It wasn't a use. She couldn't give in now and stand not with Harriet and Ozzie's happiness, ways there to show her what she had lost. "Well, maybe I'll be seeing you in New York some time," she went on determinedly. "I'll send you a postcard, anyway."

But it didn't do any good, going to New York. Once Betty would have thought it would be the happiest girl in the world just being on Broadway. But now, even though her name was up in lights and it was mentioned in all the columns, there was a line of stage-door Johnnies block long waiting for her every evening and it didn't help at all. For she couldn't stop thinking of them all, and it was strange how it was Terry she thought of most. She just couldn't forget those last minutes with him and the way his smile had twisted and the way his eyes had looked when he knew she was walking out on him and the rest of them.

But, of course, the others couldn't know that. They only knew that everything had fallen flat since Betty had left. And at midnight Lambert College would be turned over to Minnie Sparr to have and to hold forever, for now that Betty was gone there weren't any new students enrolling to take the place of the ones who had been flunked.

"We want Betty!" the students shouted that night as the band began playing for the last time. "Where's Betty Co-Ed?"

It was at that moment Betty came. But she wasn't alone. An oversized chorus strutted behind her as she paraded around the room.

"Here's thirty new students for you," she grinned as she stopped at last with the whole thirty of them forming a line behind her. "That's the number you need, isn't it? They kept hanging around the stage door and I figured they might as well be educated as long as they were wasting the time anyway."

Her heart began doing flip-flops then for there was Terry coming toward her and it was funny the way she felt, as if her heart had been waiting for this moment all her life. There were so many things she wanted to say to him, sweet things, tender things, the sort of things love songs are full of. But just seeing him again knocked her for such a loop she couldn't think of one of them.

"You've come back!" Terry said then, but he looked as if Heaven had opened right in front of him.

Betty found her voice then. She managed to giggle. "I expected a brighter remark as a welcome," she said. "But maybe we can work up to it."

"You mean you're going to stay?" Terry asked.

Even then, Betty couldn't manage words she really felt. So instead she threw them under her gay banter. "Aw, you know how it is," she said. "Once a Co-Ed, always a Co-Ed. And anyway, I didn't want to be flunking." She waited, but for the first time Terry's glib, wisecracking tongue couldn't find the words it needed. It was clearly up to Betty and she knew it.

"Hey, Fishface!" she demanded. "A dramatic moment like this, don't I deserve a kiss?"

And then, there was her impudent little mouth lifted to his, only it wasn't impudent now as Terry's arms closed around her, just trembling and tender and sweet. And the wisecracks were gone from his eyes too and they were as vulnerable as only a girl's eyes can be when she knows her heart has come home at last.



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